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Montana Outdoors

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Montana Outdoors

Vol. 11, No. 2

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THE COVER: As John Madson writes, ". . . standing apart from the ordinary places, its prodigious horizons crowding the vault of heaven, there is the high country." Certainly one of the proudest inhabitants of "The High Beyond" is the bighorn sheep (front cover painting: Robert Spannring). In Montana, interest in both hunting and wildlife runs high. As Tom Mussehl warns, the time has come to ensure that when the new century dawns, our childrens' children will have the opportunity to observe wildlife—such as the mule deer (back cover photo: Harry Engels)—to enjoy the outdoors, and to hunt. It is we who must answer for tomorrow.

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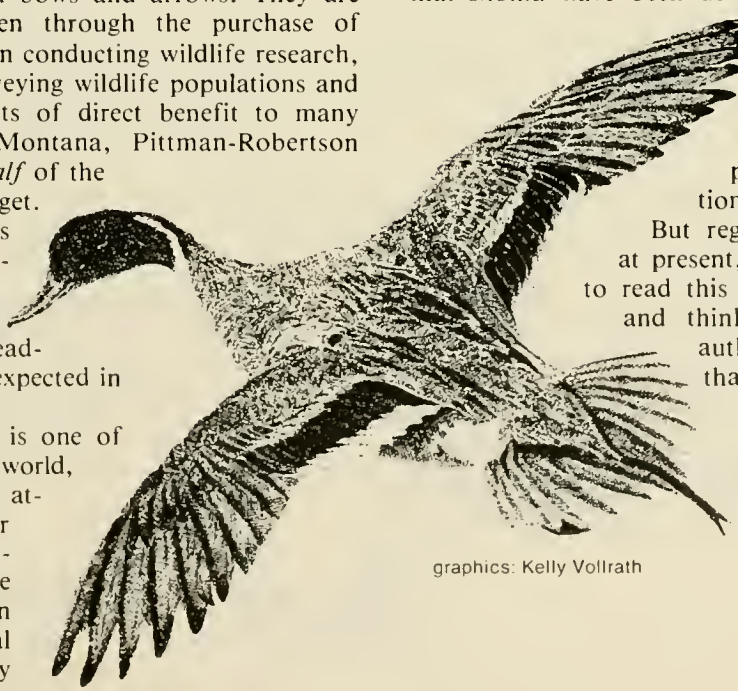
The Editor's Column

It will probably come as no surprise to people in Montana, where hunting is a time-honored tradition, that we are devoting a special issue of *Montana Outdoors* to the subject. But the nature of the articles may surprise some readers, for these are not hunting stories in the usual sense, nor are they articles that tell where or how to hunt. Rather, the articles in this issue focus on the *why* of hunting, and attempt to explain what it is about hunting that still captures the interest and imagination of so many Americans.

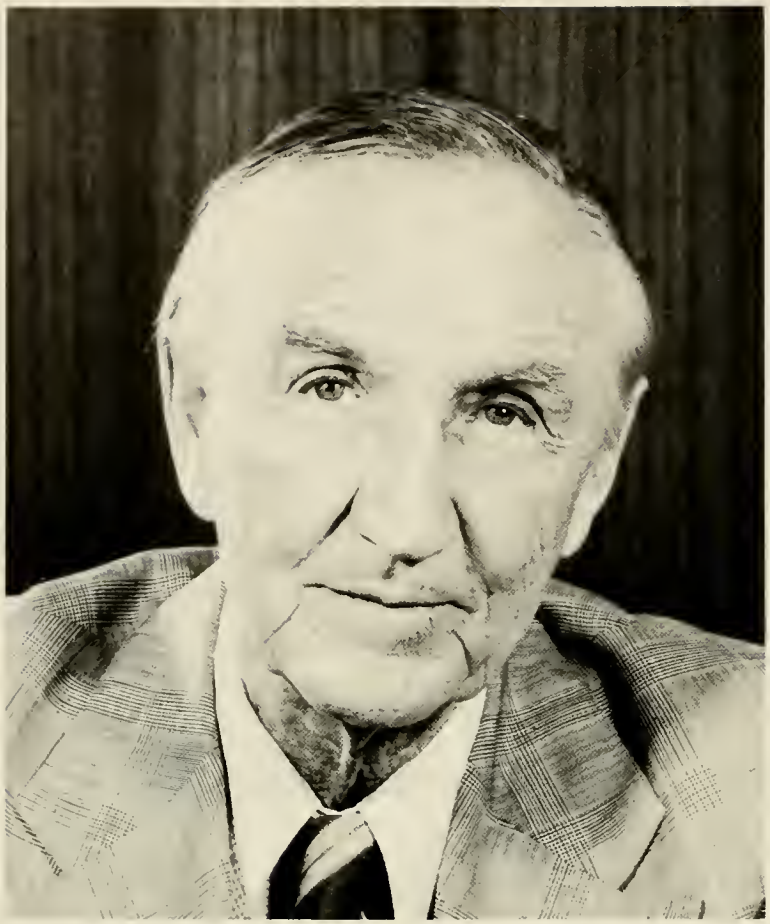
Our reasons for doing this are not simply to explore an interesting facet of human behavior or to philosophize about man's evolutionary origins. Worthy as these endeavors may be, we have a more important reason: Anti-hunting sentiment, while it is scarcely noticeable in Montana, is growing in urban America, and it poses a continuing threat to wildlife management and conservation. According to the Wildlife Legislative Fund of America, $30 million-$50 million is collected and spent each year in the United States to stop hunting, fishing and trapping. These campaigns have the potential to severely hamper wildlife conservation efforts in this country, a point that was driven home in 1978 when two eastern-based organizations opposed to hunting, the Committee for Humane Legislation and Friends of Animals, Inc., filed a lawsuit in federal court to bar the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service from spending $63 million in wildlife restoration funds. Referred to as Pittman-Robertson funds, these dollars are derived from an 11% excise tax on guns, ammunition and bows and arrows. They are dollars paid by sportsmen through the purchase of hunting equipment to aid in conducting wildlife research, acquiring key habitat, surveying wildlife populations and carrying out other projects of direct benefit to many species of wildlife. In Montana, Pittman-Robertson dollars make up *almost half* of the wildlife management budget. Although this lawsuit was dismissed following an out-of-court settlement in June 1979—just five days before Montana's funding deadline—similar lawsuits are expected in the future.

Why is hunting, which is one of the oldest traditions in the world, increasingly coming under attack? There are a number of reasons, but the primary one is related to the general population shift in this country from a rural to an urban lifestyle. Very simply, many people today grow up without direct ties to the land and the wild creatures it sustains. Understandably, they derive most of their knowledge of wildlife from television and movies, which all too often present a distorted view of wildlife by attributing human characteristics to animals and ignoring natural processes such as predation, disease and starvation. As a result, many people do not realize that properly regulated hunting poses no threat to wildlife populations, and in fact can help prevent overpopulation of wildlife species and consequent habitat deterioration. Nor are most people aware of the historic role the hunter has played in wildlife conservation. They do not know that hunters were among the first to call a halt to the wholesale commercial slaughter of wildlife in this country in the 1800s, and to push for protection of wildlife through federal and state regulations. Nor do they realize that sportsmen have always provided the vast majority of funding for wildlife management, habitat protection and research.

In addition to providing factual information about hunters and hunting in this issue of *Montana Outdoors*, we have another, even more important, objective: to call for unity among those who truly care about the future of our wildlife heritage. Perhaps the most disheartening thing about the friction between pro- and anti-hunting factions is that while the two are engaged in fruitless and costly battles, the greatest enemy of wildlife—habitat destruction—continues nearly unabated. While the Pittman-Robertson lawsuit was grinding up hundreds of thousands of dollars and man-hours—dollars and hours that *should* have been devoted to the conservation of wildlife—the bulldozers were grinding up more and more wildlife habitat. Each individual will have to determine his or her own position on the hunting question, based on available facts. But regardless of where you stand at present, we hope you will take time to read this issue of *Montana Outdoors* and think seriously about what its authors have to say. You owe that much to the wildlife resource we all cherish and, as John Madson points out so eloquently in his concluding essay, "Something for the Kids," you owe it to future generations. —*Dave Books*



graphics: Kelly Vollrath



HUNTING HAS BEEN A PART of Montana's rich outdoor heritage for thousands of years. Primitive nomadic hunters ventured into the region as much as 12,000 years ago, and, in more recent history, the Crow, Sioux, Blackfeet, Flathead, Cheyenne and other Native Americans depended on hunting as a way of life.

Hunting was equally important to the early explorers, trappers, soldiers and settlers who followed the Lewis and Clark Expedition up the Missouri River in the 19th century. Wild game abounded on the plains and in the mountains of Montana, providing food and clothing for survival as well as the raw material for a burgeoning fur industry.

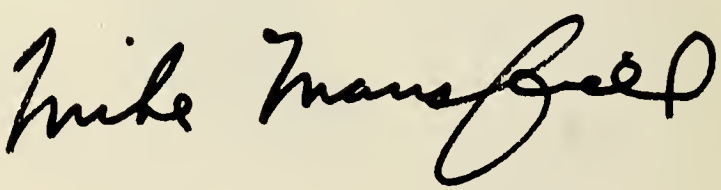
When the discovery of gold in the 1860s spurred a great influx of settlers, the decline of the bison and other abundant plains wildlife was inevitable. By the late 1800s, an expanding population, a thriving cattle industry and extensive hunting of animals for meat or hides had taken its toll, and the era of wildlife abundance drew to a close. The day of the sportsman-conservationist began and, through sound management practices, many of Montana's game species have made spectacular recoveries.

While Montanans no longer depend on hunting for survival, hunting remains a time-honored tradition in the state. Work-worn firearms are handed down from father to son, and stories of royal elk or hat-rack mule deer are told and retold around the campfire or wood stove by successive generations of Montanans.

But even more important than meat or trophies are the less tangible rewards of being outdoors—the camaraderie of a hunting camp, a son's or daughter's first pheasant, the sighting of a bluebird or pika, the feeling of vitality on a clear, crisp autumn day.

As a boy growing up in Great Falls, I was well aware of this tradition through the stories of my friends and classmates, and through the renowned works of western artist C. M. Russell, who had a studio in Great Falls. Although my responsibilities in Washington, D.C., and now in Japan have kept me from continuing to be a very active outdoorsman, all my life I have been in love with Montana's forests, grasslands, streams and lakes, and the abundant fish and wildlife they support. And I have long been aware of the contribution of hunters to the conservation of these resources.

If you are concerned about the future of wildlife, I strongly urge you to read this special issue of *Montana Outdoors*. If you are a hunter, you will no doubt enjoy reading and wholeheartedly agree with its contents. If you are not a hunter, I think you will learn a great deal about the role of the hunter in wildlife conservation, and come away feeling, as I do, that hunting should continue, not just as a Montana tradition, but as an American tradition.



THROUGHOUT OUR HISTORY, the great American West has been characterized by its wildlife and open vastness. In early days, any mention of the West brought to mind endless herds of buffalo, free-roaming grizzly bears, magnificent bighorn sheep. Today, the Rocky Mountain West is one of the last strongholds of North American wildlife. It is still a wild land man shares with mountain lions, eagles, elk and the last populations of grizzly bears. Some people who have never seen a wild animal in its natural setting cherish the concept because it represents the untamed, the free—concepts that lured our ancestors across oceans and our great-grandfathers across an unsettled country.

The fact that all of this still exists is no accident; it, in fact, represents one of the real historical dramas: the conservation movement in America. Its leading characters were an all-star cast, including men like Teddy Roosevelt, Gifford Pinchot, Aldo Leopold, John James Audubon and others. It featured a supporting cast of thousands: America's sportsmen. Common, decent people who each in his or her own way shouldered the load necessary to stop the exploitation of American wildlife and then slowly, sometimes painfully, to rebuild what had earlier been lost.

Wetlands drained and filled had to be restored or replaced so American waterfowl could forever grace our skies. Silent, quiet places had to be preserved as our energetic nation plowed, strip mined and logged its way from sea to shining sea. The struggle to shape our nation's future is never over; only the leading characters in this great drama change as we move from generation to generation.

When we as a people are judged by history, that judgment will include opportunities we were able to pass along to our children. We will be judged not by how completely we exploited the resources of our nation, but on how well we preserved them. Preserving wild things and quiet places may well be the measure of our success as thinking, sensitive human beings.

It is not surprising that this publication should come from Montana, a magnificent state perched high in the northern Rockies and still blessed with abundant wildlife. This magazine is a plea to all who profess a love for wild things to stand together for the welfare of America's wildlife and wild places. Whether you are a hunter, a nonhunter, an anti-hunter, or simply an interested bystander, I urge you to read it, contemplate its messages and then decide for yourself how you can best contribute to the great American conservation saga.

Robert F. Wambach

Behold The Hunter

by Nelson Bryant

. . . During World War II, while recuperating in a hospital in Wales after taking a machine gun bullet through the chest a few days after my parachute infantry regiment dropped into Normandy, I resolved that I would never again pull the trigger on a living thing, man or beast. But between that June and that September body and spirit partially mended. I left the hospital just in time to make the jump into Holland, and when I went home after the war I returned to hunting.

I would be dissembling if I said that shooting a bird or an animal brings me pure pleasure, and many hunters experience a twinge of uneasiness at the sight of a dying or dead animal. With the hoped-for culmination comes a feeling of regret, sometimes even a vague fear that something is wrong. But all meat-eating men, hunters or not, are caught in this enigma, and it seems absurd to suggest that the man who buys his meat or fowl at the market and thereby avoids the ultimate encounter—the death of the creature he consumes—is a more honorable or sensitive fellow than one who slaughters his own pigs or shoots his own game.

I have even felt squeamish when the cold, taut body of a lovely trout shudders in my hand after I rap its head with a stick. But this never-ending cycle of birth and dying, of one species providing food for another, is inescapable. To live, I must consume something that was once alive, and to live fully, I must, at present, continue to hunt.

I eat everything I kill, or, if I am far from home and cannot get the game back, give it to someone who will. For most of us, however, hunting for food is not a reasonable justification for the pursuit. We would do much better, from an economic point of view, to go to the corner market.

What is a man who in one week can be entranced by a Beethoven symphony, a Manet, a line of poetry, and in the next be equally caught up in following the trail of a wild animal through the snow-filled woods? The mind reels at trying to embrace this. Vague images form, re-form, and dissolve, and what finally comes to us, if we are fortunate, is a creature wisdom that allows us to live with what we can only dimly comprehend. . . .

Once celebrated in saga and song, often the most important man in the village, one upon whom many relied for sustenance and whom all young men strove to emulate, the hunter in America, now besieged by a vocal and often intelligent army of detractors, must, if he is at all sensitive, wonder if he is indeed an anachronism possessed by some madness that others have managed to throw off. And yet, he should also realize that over the centuries, the hunter has been more in tune with the natural world than most of his contemporaries.

In his remarkable book, "The Hunting Hypothesis," Robert Ardrey notes that man has been hunting for at least three million years, or 99 percent of his time on earth, and observes that "throughout that time natural selection accepted or discarded individuals or groups in terms of a single standard, our capacity to survive as hunters. Are we to believe, as so many victims of fashionable thought will assert, that such selection left no mark on us?"

Ardrey's postulate—which will disturb many readers—is that the basic elements of our nature, "which we regard as so nobly our own . . . sharing, cooperation, responsibility, courage, self-sacrifice, loyalty," came into being because "we were meat-eating hunters."

Man's ability to use tools, to store information in writing, to stockpile food, and to manipulate his environment is at once his glory and his despair, for when he shifted from a hunter society to the agricultural-industrial age he began to insulate himself from this planet and to inflict damage on it. The leisure time gained gave birth to scientists, philosophers, painters, composers, musicians, and poets whose work certainly represents the rarest blend of intellect and soul, but with it came a despoiling industrial fury that has continued unabated.

Now the challenge for us (all arrogance and belief that science and technology can solve everything shed away) is to recognize that we only share Earth with other living things and that its resources are finite.

Hunting, properly done, is not an outworn cruelty but rather a manifestation of man's desire to re-establish or maintain a union with the natural world. There are various paths to this marriage, and those who wish to achieve it—whether hunters, naturalists, or bird watchers—should join hands to preserve that which they seek to enter. ■

(excerpted from "Behold the Hunter," by Nelson Bryant, *The Atlantic Monthly*, December 1977, reprinted with permission)

Why Does Man Hunt?

by Terry N. Lonner and Walter J. Lonner

WHY DOES MODERN, civilized man continue to hunt, in spite of supermarkets, technological gadgets and other creature comforts at his immediate disposal? For that matter, why does modern man walk erect, make tools, communicate verbally, share food at least with family members, have such a well-developed brain and enjoy athletics? You may be surprised to know the answer in both cases is probably because our humanlike prehistoric ancestors were hunter-gatherers.

For hundreds of thousands of years, maybe even millions, hunting has been a prime factor in the evolution of mankind. Our bodies, social lives, technical skills, intellect and emotional and psychological dimensions can be traced to, and largely credited to, our ancestral success as hunters. Anthropologists S. L. Washburn and C. L. Lancaster state in "Man the Hunter": "To assert the biological unity of mankind is to affirm the importance of the hunting way of life. It is to claim that, however much conditions and customs may have varied locally, the main selection pressures that forged the species were the same. The biology, psychology, and customs that separate us from the apes—all these we owe to the hunters of time past. And, although the record is incomplete and speculation looms larger that fact, for those who would understand the origin and nature of human behavior there is no choice but to try to understand 'Man the Hunter.' "

In the following pages, we have developed further this biological-evolutionary theme, which has often been given as a plausible explanation of why man hunts. While space does not permit a detailed discussion of all facets of this viewpoint, we nevertheless hope this brief summary will lead to a better understanding of why hunting seems to be such a natural human activity.

C. M. Russell's "The Trapper" (Mackay Collection; courtesy Montana Historical Society).

The evolutionary appearance of early primates, about 70 million years ago, quite likely was the result of "natural selection" (a theory about the struggle of individual organisms for success in reproduction). Factors such as predation and limited food supply forced small ratlike animals (prosimians) to become tree dwellers with a diet primarily of insects. Living in trees required development of great physical dexterity and stereoscopic vision (eyes at the front rather than the side of the head). These pressures triggered the evolution of many other kinds of primates such as lemurs, monkeys, apes and man. About 55 million years then passed while some of these tree-dwelling primates were again forced to become ground dwellers. By this time, however, they were equipped with bodies and brains enabling them to learn how to defend themselves against large carnivores and to compete for food. Although what took place during the next 15 million years remains obscure, this advanced primate evolved eventually into other primates which were even more advanced and capable of ground living.

Once the tree-dwelling lifestyle gave way to the savannah-dwelling lifestyle, evolution of the new primates advanced rapidly—rapidly, that is, by paleozoological standards. (If the entire span of life on earth is considered to be one calendar year, this 55-million-year period would represent about one week.) Selection pressures for survival were so great that the only alternatives were quick adaptation or extinction.

And so, these primates adapted, with good forward vision, dexterous bodies with strong limbs, digestive systems that could digest both plant and animal matter and advanced nervous systems. Some major adjustments were then made. They developed an upright, two-legged posture, freeing the forelegs to serve as arms so they could begin the development of weapons and tools. From the fossil record, it appears simultaneous existence of slightly different varieties of ground-living hominidlike primates occurred during this time, and even up until about 35,000 years ago.

These early evolutionary stages took place almost entirely on the African savannah. Prehistoric hominids (a zoological family of which modern man is the only surviving species) were at first opportunistic in their food habits. Their diet, like that of other primates, consisted mostly of roots, tubers,

berries and other vegetable matter. The only difference was that early man probably scavenged some animal meat, and this was a key step in the long journey toward humanhood.

What prompted our prehistoric ancestors to start eating meat and adopt hunting as an important part of their lifestyle? It was probably a change in availability of food, caused by climatic conditions. Once the opportunistic food-gathering lifestyle was altered as a result of these conditions, the process of adaption and evolution continued until hominid dependence on meat was strong and enduring.

Nature's unique way of storing plant nutrients in the form of large meat-yielding herbivores (such as elephants, buffalo and antelope) provided ground-dwelling primates with a food source available almost worldwide and at any time of the year, regardless of climatic conditions.

Although the African savannah was the original testing ground for prehistoric man, the series of glaciations that occurred within the last million years was the driving force that resulted in the evolution of the genus *Homo* into one species, *Homo sapiens*. During this period, primitive man discovered fire, began using shelters and exercised his ingenuity to make clothing and better weapons. Species of *Homo* were either already living in the northern latitudes by the start of the ice age, or migrated there in search of more abundant and vulnerable prey.

Regardless of the pathway, selection pressures were very demanding at that time in those latitudes. Of these demands, hunting—now essential for survival—guided almost all human activity. In "Anthropology: The Exploration of Human Diversity," Conrad Kottak contends: "By 1 million B.P. [before present] a single species of hominid, *Homo erectus*, had not only rendered other hominid forms extinct, but had also expanded the hominid range to the open grasslands of Asia and Europe. An essentially human strategy of adaption, incorporating hunting as an essential ingredient of a generalized foraging economy, had been born."

By the end of the last major glaciation, some 10,000 years ago, and as a result of the hunter-gatherer lifestyle, the apelike creature that came out of the trees some 15 million years earlier had changed dramatically. Those changes reflected evolutionary adaptations necessary to survive the radical changes in the environment. Some of these major adaptations can now be mentioned.

Cooperation and Sharing of Food

Stalking and attacking large animals with only spears, knives and perhaps rocks required collective effort involving signals and gestures. (These hunting signals and gestures, incidentally, were among the foundations of spoken language.) Thus, friendly cooperation among hunting males was essential. Once the animal was killed, skinning and butchering of the carcass was also a group project, and the fruits of all this effort were shared. Along with some other primates and several of the larger carnivores, man seems to be one of the few animals on earth who willingly and regularly shares food with other nonfamily members of the species.

Traveling in small groups or bands became necessary for survival. Such group cohesiveness was also an important step toward eventual establishment of a home base, family unit, friendship and a tribe with common goals and customs. It is not difficult to see how this process led to society and national allegiance.

Diet and the Division of Labor Between Sexes

Division of labor between sexes appears to result less from genetic programming than from demands of the economic system under which a group lives. In most prehistoric hunter-gatherer communities, the "economic" system was based on hunting for and collecting food. Because females of a group were often involved in caring for and nurturing the young, they did not become an active part of the hunt. Rather, they stayed at a fixed camp, probably gathering whatever they could for food. This is still a common practice in primitive hunter-gatherer tribes in different parts of the world.

The diets of most of these tribes is 60%-80% vegetation, but meat, a relished food, is usually consumed in festive fashion. In "Man the Hunter," Richard B. Lee writes: "In short, Bushmen of the Dobe area [southwestern Africa] eat as much vegetable food as they need and as much meat as they can." This could have also been true of our ancestors several million years ago.

The Influence of Hunting on Human Anatomy

Man's legacy as a hunter has led him to become, pound-for-pound, a very tough, durable, strong and versatile animal. Man is equipped to walk, run, swim, climb, jump, throw, crawl and carry his own weight. He has, as William S. Laughlin points out in "Man the Hunter," the ability to run down a horse in two or three days, and then decide whether to eat it, ride it, pull a load with it, wear it or worship it.

Major changes tied to our hunting history include the pelvic, leg and foot development necessary for fast and prolonged running. Selection pressures also dramatically reduced the size of human canine teeth, since they were no longer needed for defense and predation. Human manual dexterity, vastly superior to that of other primates, permitted the making of tools and weapons.

Hunting also led to unique changes in the female of the species. Among mammals, the human female is the only one in which the estrus cycle (commonly called "heat," or that period in which sexual receptivity is extremely high) has entirely disappeared. This is probably a result of the prehistoric hunter-gatherer lifestyle. Stability of the hunting band was important, especially among males, and females in estrus would have caused undesirable male competition and

Paintings of ice age animals, similar to the bison and reindeer shown in Rudolph F. Zallinger's rendition at right, have been found on the walls of more than 100 caves in Europe. Primitive man painted such pictures, anthropologists believe, not merely to adorn the cave but to propitiate the spirits of animals and thus assure mastery over them in hunting (courtesy Time-Life Books, Inc.).

ZALLINGER

aggressiveness. The elimination of estrus extended female sexual receptivity, and helped counterbalance the strong male-to-male associations on long hunting trips away from camp. This then permitted female-male associations to become stronger and common, which also allowed sexual relationships by choice; consequently, the choosing of a mate became possible. All of this led to the concept of what today we call "love" and the institution of marriage.

Our hunting history also helped to shape the human digestive system, which is that of a true omnivore. The human dentition and digestive tract permit utilization of a wide variety of foods—from lettuce to raw flesh.

Selection pressures on man the hunter contributed to doubling of his brain size since the days when he roamed the African savannah. The need for cooperation during hunting guided development of speech centers in the brain. His need to know and remember animal behavior and environmental features encouraged formation of memory centers. His physical weakness (relative to large mammals), his lack of specialized anatomical weapons (such as horns or claws) and his consequent dependence on the use of artificial tools and weapons helped shape that faculty which we now recognize as ingenuity. All of these factors placed a premium on intelligence and the capacity for learning. (Part of our scientific name—*sapiens*—is Latin for wise or intelligent.)

Hunting large mammals contributed protein-rich meat to the diet of early man and significantly influenced the evolution of our fantastically complex brain. High-quality nourishment from plant foods is largely unavailable without cooking, but meat provides us with concentrated nourishment; vitamin C is even available if meat is eaten raw.

In "The Emergence of Man," John E. Pfeiffer summarized this process well: "Many factors went into the shaping of *Homo erectus* [a species of man closest to *Homo sapiens*]: big game hunting, fire, selection for bigger brains, prolonged infant and female dependency, loss of estrus, the coming of the family and taboos and traditions. Each factor contributed in an important way to man's development. But the fundamental problem is to see things as a whole and not as 'factors,' as parts of the web or network of increasingly complex interrelationships which is human evolution."

THEN CAME CIVILIZATION

Just as the earliest tree-dwelling primates were generalized enough in form to make a successful living on the ground, so it seems the genetic traits which let early man succeed as a hunter-gatherer were also applicable to a new endeavor—agriculture. About 10,000 years ago, man began to change his lifestyle from hunter-gatherer to herdsman-farmer. (Less that 1% of human history has been dominated by agriculture. Before this time, all of mankind hunted for survival.)

While the exact circumstances that gave rise to agriculture remain unknown, most scientists agree that the causes included climatological changes and human predation, which together resulted in the extinction of many prey animals. However, the relative importance of these two influences is unclear. Agriculture generally replaced hunting as a mode of sustenance; it was the primary factor in the civilization of man and allowed the human population to increase 400 times, from about 10 million then to nearly 4 billion now. But hunting continued to hold its place, and still does today, as an important activity pursued by many.

High-speed computers, nuclear reactors and space exploration are all products of a brain developed from a hunter-gatherer way of life.

Man's legacy as a hunter led him to become, pound for pound, a very strong and versatile animal. The hunter-gatherer lifestyle also necessitated development of such desirable human characteristics as cooperation, trust and loyalty. C. M. Russell's "Buffalo Hunt No. 1" (courtesy Kennedy Galleries, Inc., N.Y.).

In his book, "The Dragons of Eden," astronomer Carl Sagan asserts that: "The hunter/gatherer lifestyles have served mankind well for most of our history, and I think there is unmistakable evidence that we are in a way designed by evolution for such a culture; when we abandon the hunter/gatherer life we abandon the childhood of our species. Hunter/gatherer and high technology cultures are both products of the neocortex [that part of the brain responsible for our characteristic human behavior]. We are now irreversibly set upon the latter path. But it will take some getting used to."

We seem to be "getting used to" the new demands of present-day life, but not without difficulties. Civilization has freed us from the bonds of a strict hunter-gatherer life, but it has also presented us with dilemmas concerning what we should do with our new freedom. High technology civilization is causing frustrations, primarily because daily pressures are now much less related to sheer survival and much more a function of sociocultural considerations. Like adolescents, we seem to want to break from the past, but at the same time are gratified by how well our childhood has served us. Complicated economic systems, conflicting and ever-changing ethical and moral standards, boring and routinized jobs—all are commonplace in the world we inhabit. They are taxing our mental and social capacities as never before.

As Sagan points out, the hunter-gatherer lifestyle and the high technology culture are both products of the neocortex; but it will also be up to the neocortex to provide us with the best ways to make the transition between the two stages, or between the childhood of the species and its full-fledged adulthood. Various diversions, such as competitive athletics, jogging, hobbies, reading—even television—may be important in helping us make this transition.

In "Manwatching: A Field Guide to Human Behavior," Desmond Morris contends that athletics is our modern replacement for prehistoric hunting behavior. He writes: "The nineteenth-century male, locked in his unvarying routine, experienced a new level of hunter-frustration. The result was, predictably, an explosion of interest in organized sports. Nearly all the most popular sports of today were either invented or at least formalized during the nineteenth century." He adds: "The popularity of the pseudo-hunt was due, in large part, to the sense of excitement kindled by the nature of the actions involved in the sporting events. They were not merely exercises, they were chasing and aiming exercises—the chasing and aiming of the primeval hunter."

HUNTING AS A DIVERSION

One type of diversion not mentioned above deserves special recognition, and that is sport hunting and fishing. About 56 million Americans hunt or fish, but not for survival or economic gain. Any economic gain realized by such pleasures is a drop in the bucket compared to the basic, deeply rooted reasons for such an authentic human activity.

Although hunting is only one of many human diversions, there is something very different about this particular pastime. Instead of evading the toils of everyday life through some modern form of recreation, many people choose an activity that has been performed for hundreds of thousands of years.

Man cannot return to the past. Rather he must inevitably forge ahead into the future, a progression which is probably good. But people need and want to escape, and it is characteristically human to do so, even if only for a day or an hour.

continued on page 14

To The Keepers Of The Flame

by Mike Aderhold

IN THE northeastern corner of Montana, most folks take hunting for granted. The majority of people are fond of wild animals. They are also fond of hunting, and the two are reconciled without problem. Like raking leaves and splitting wood, canning corn and dressing hogs, pickling fish and carving pumpkins, hunting just comes with the season.

I have worked in northeastern Montana for better than six and one-half years as an information officer for the Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks. In all, I've given close to 400 wildlife programs in every part of the northeastern corner. I've visited with hundreds of people. I've met quite a few who choose not to hunt, but I've yet to meet someone who actively campaigned against the practice. When I tell people there are well-organized, heavily financed campaigns afoot to eliminate hunting, most of them just shake their heads.

Even those landowners who close their land to hunting do not do so out of anti-hunting convictions. Some mention a fear of high-powered rifles around homes, expensive machinery and valuable livestock. Others—too many—mention bad experiences they have had with people on their land: littering, gates left open, shooting at outbuildings, killing of nongame wildlife, failure to ask permission and misuse of vehicles.

Along U.S. Highway 2 outside of a little town in north central Montana there is a brightly painted sign that says, "Welcome to Rudyard, 596 Real Nice People and One Sore Head." I think that percentage holds across the region. For every 596 decent people, there is a local outlaw, a vandal, a reprobate. In hunting circles, he's the sign shooter, fence cutter, game hog and game waster—the destructive cuss who lacks respect for himself and others and is doing his best to kill the sport. If hunting is jeopardized in northeastern Montana, it will more likely stem from such "spoilers" than from anti-hunting sentiment.

MAYBE we're living in a different world up here—it's certainly a far cry from Westchester County, New York, or Wayne County, Michigan. For one thing, we're long on land and a little short on people. The department's Administrative Region 6—the one in which I work—extends from the North Dakota line west to the Liberty County line, 334 miles across the "Hi-Line." You can go from Maine to Maryland—through seven states—and not travel as far. The nine counties making up the region total almost 22,000 square miles, or close to 14 million acres. Figuring the total population at 68,000, scattered among 62 communities (that's just the ones with post offices) and the space in between, that leaves better than 200 acres for every individual.

For many of us, it's an outdoor life, and hunting is a natural part of it. In Circle, for example, proper gun handling and the shooting sports are considered important enough to be part of the school curriculum. Marksmanship is generally admired. Discipline, respect, patience and

Maybe it's a bit of a different world in northeastern Montana. A single railroad track points the way to Four Buttes—population about 35. Mule deer are a part of the outdoor life—of which hunting is a natural component (DFWP photos: Mike Aderhold). Even if it is different, it's a good world—one in which people, a rolling field of golden wheat and the wildlife are still closely intertwined (DFWP photo: Craig Sharpe).

responsibility toward firearms are taught—to boys and girls alike. The Circle Rifle Club ramrods the program and orders shot and powder by the case. The second Thursday of every December, the group hosts a Christmas gathering to enjoy each other's food and fellowship and hear from trustees of the state's wildlife. It's a family gathering that attracts a good share of the town's strength, including political representatives and lots of kids. For seven years in a row now, I've headed home after that banquet with the feeling that Circle has got something good going.

THE National Lewis and Clark Heritage Trail Foundation conducted its annual meeting in Glasgow this past August. It was the first national affair the town had ever hosted. Over 80 Lewis and Clark buffs from 16 states attended. As part of the three-day gathering, the local Lewis and Clark Society put on a wild game banquet. Spread out on a 60-foot buffet were platters of moose, deer, elk, several kinds of duck, grouse, pheasant, beaver, beaver tail and bear. There were plates of wild-meat Thuringer, summer sausage, jerky and pemmican, and bowls of chokecherries, white apples and zucchini. There were salads, fry bread, corn bread and chokecherry pie. The visitors were impressed, and the banquet committee and the people from Valley County were justifiably proud.

At other times in other places, I've enjoyed smoked paddlefish, pickled goldeye, canned venison, baked buffalo (the fish), boiled ling, barbecued antelope, jerked elk and cattail biscuits with wild plum preserves and buffaloberry jelly, just to name a few.

The ancients feared those who would use the wild bounty wantonly and wastefully, for they were likely to bring disaster on the tribe by offending the spirits of the animal hunted. In many ways, this primitive feeling still holds.

JOHN COOK lives in Plentywood. He's a lifelong hunter who enjoys the Missouri River bottom east of Culbertson. He's a retired game warden who likes to fish and make gunstocks. The fine wood blanks he searches the country for come alive in his hands. With delicate precision, he can mold a stock so it feels like an extension of the cheek and hand. With a master touch, backed by thousands of hours of experience, he can highlight the grain and bring out the color so that the final product is a work of art. His collection of gunstocks is the finest I've seen anywhere.

Lawrence Kemp lives in Glasgow. He's a lifelong hunter in love with the Larb Hills and the Missouri Breaks. He's a maintenance and general handy man at the Valley View Nursing Home. He is also a full-time church leader and sometime painter, carpenter, gunsmith, mechanic and member of the Moose Lodge. Just about everyone in Glasgow under 30 who hunts and grew up in the town had Mr. Kemp for a hunter safety instructor. Year after year, twice a year, he has taught groups of youngsters the principles of safe gun handling, first aid, survival and hunting ethics. A hunting society would consider this man the most important individual in town.

Gary Stuker lives in Havre. He's a lifelong hunter who favors the country in and around the Little Rocky Mountains. He's a plumbing and heating contractor and one of those rare mechanical wizards who can think with his hands. He can design and build anything he wants. He and a couple dozen friends in the Havre Rifle and Pistol Club and the Hill County Wildlife Association decided to build their community a first-class rifle and pistol range. The range was dedicated last September. In all, the group donated over 4,000 hours of labor to the project. Mr. Stuker put in well over 1,000 himself, almost all of his spring and summer free time and then some. Gary Stuker is currently president of the Montana Wildlife Federation, past president of the Montana Bowhunter's Association and past president of the Hill County Wildlife Association.

The American philosopher William James believed that a man was a product of his experiences. Another philosopher believed that the goodness or badness of an activity could be measured by the product of that activity. There are some who would say that hunting has nothing to do with the artistic, teaching and leader-

ship gifts these three individuals offer. I don't believe them.

OWEN FUNK has a ranch along the Frenchman drainage. He's a cool hand—a tight-lipped, no-nonsense, professional stockman. He's no hobby farmer, and he's not the type to want or need any hand-holding. During hunting season, I suspect he's a little skeptical of all

DFWP photo: Mike Aderhold

the players when he is working hard, but Owen has never closed his land to deer hunters if they asked permission and presented themselves as responsible. Employees of the Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks respect Owen Funk, and we hope the feeling is mutual.

The winter of 1977-78 was a bear-cat. The worst in 13 years. In early January, Owen called, "Your deer are in my stacks and I can't handle them anymore." Owen likes deer, but his business is raising beef and the deer were getting in the way. Montana stockmen work five months so they can feed their cattle seven months. It's been that way since the winter of 1886. A hay crop is like money in the bank. The harder and longer the winter, the more interest it earns. During the winter of 1978, hay exceeded $90 a ton. Deep snows and extremely cold conditions had forced deer into protected bottomlands, eventually into hay crops. Owen Funk had 300 deer. Eating and urinating, 300 deer can consume and foul and do damage to the point that they are directly competing with livestock.

There is no solution to this kind of problem. Over the years, we have developed some tricks to defer the issue, trying to buy time toward spring. We try firecrackers, propane guns, mountain lion scent, bone tar, flagging, electric fence, snow fence, elk panels, human scent, plastic sheeting, single bale feeding. None of this works very long; the deer are hungry, adaptable and determined. Fifty miles from home, -30° nights, numb fingers, wet feet, stale coffee—the shenanigans get old, quick. Eventually it comes to expensive all-night herding and kill permits.

The whole scene violates everything a professional wildlifer believes in. On the primitive prairie, some would die and some would survive and that would be it. Today, there are those who want them dead and those who want them alive. Whatever you are trying to do, there are those who would like you to do something else. It's hard to manage for that one bad year in 15. It's doubly frustrating when some landowners prevent an annual cropping of game animals.

What makes it all palatable this time is the respect for Owen Funk and the feeling that the deer should be handled by people who care.

IN January of 1978, over 400 antelope gathered around Glasgow. Another 4,000 gathered in several bands along the Milk River. Before the winter was over, everyone knew the antelope couldn't make it on grain stubble and ornamental shrubs. With help, we trapped 92 and took them to sagebrush country near the Missouri Breaks. We picked up 47 carcasses within the Glasgow city limits and a dozen along the railroad track and some along the highway and hauled them to the dump. The dogs, skunks, weasels and ants got a lot more. The survivors headed north with the thaw. It'll happen again.

Death is a part of life—you don't get one without the other. The mystical and sacred "breath of life" seems to function independently of the elements involved. To a naturalist, there is no such thing as waste in nature. When a wild animal dies, it's dust to dust. The once-alive elements are broken down and eventually reconstituted into another form of life. Whole food chains take advantage of a wild animal's remains regardless of where and how it dies.

To a game manager, the object is to provide a wild bounty for people to enjoy. In Montana some of this enjoyment involves the hunt and consumptive use. Big game animals are a renewable resource. If they are not cropped, they build up and disease and starvation deaths will increase. It's a completely natural phenomenon.

During the 1978 hunting season, 10,158 hunters (9,628 residents and 530 nonresidents) took 5,490 deer (2,646 whitetails and 2,844 mule deer) in northeastern Montana. The hunter success was 54%. Figuring 60 pounds of meat per deer, hunters harvested 329,400 pounds of protein. Using a conservative value of $1.50 per pound, we have a deer harvest worth $494,100 in meat alone.

DURING the 1940s and early '50s, sportsmen's organizations were in vogue. Towns like Culbertson, Nashua, Scobey and Saco had big organizations involving a good proportion of the population. Banquets in Glasgow, Malta and Havre and fish fries at the mouth of Hell Creek drew hundreds. The governor and the Fish and Game directors and sometimes representatives from Washington would discuss our wild heritage and hold forth on the virtues of conservation, sportsmanship and the hunting tradition.

Many people are still interested in wildlife, but the big sportsmen's groups seem to be a thing of the past. Why? I'm not sure, but I think it has something to do with the advent of TV, the increased social activities at our schools and churches, the popularity and availability of the automobile, and development of library and city recreation programs, the growth of business organizations

like Kiwanis, Soroptimists, Rotary, Lions and Jaycees. There is simply more to do.

There is also a trend toward sport specialization and development of separate groups for archers, trappers, black powder enthusiasts, trap shooters, pistol enthusiasts, etc. Many leaders are now involved with environmental groups such as the Montana Wilderness Association, Environmental Information Center, Montana Audubon Council or the Northern Plains Resource Council.

Along the Hi-Line, a vestige of the traditional sportsmen's club remains. Men like Frank Orlando (Harlem Rod & Gun), Lou Kisling (Dodson Sportsmen), Keith Abel (Chinook Rod & Gun), Fred Spitzer (Wolf Point Wildlife) are perennial presidents, secretary/treasurers and letter writers. The Richey Sportsmen's Club still turns out 80 or so at its spring and fall gatherings, and the Hill County Wildlife Association still has more than 250 show up for its spring banquets.

I am often asked why I drive long distances in this time of expensive fuel to meet with 10 sportsmen in Dodson or 15 in Wolf Point or 20 in Harlem. I simply feel a responsibility to get the latest information to the keepers of the flame.

YES, perhaps we in northeastern Montana *are* living in a different world. But it's a good world—one in which the people, the land and the wildlife are still closely intertwined. Last Easter Sunday, you could stand on Fort Peck Dam and look up at the sky and watch sandhill cranes fly north for two and one-half hours. In May 1977, Bob Watts, a Lewistown biologist, stood on the banks of the Missouri River near the Slippery Ann Game Station and watched in amazement for an hour as the flooding river carried over a thousand spawning paddlefish back to Fort Peck Reservoir. Last March, a huge flight of red-tailed hawks rested a day in south Valley County. One qualified observer counted 200 of these hawks in a three-mile circle.

The northeastern corner of Montana—an area more than three times the size of New Jersey—has no interstate highways, no high-rise apartments, no TV stations, no McDonald's franchises. The town of Havre has the only daily paper. There are fewer than 15 traffic lights in the whole scene. It's hard to sit in Glasgow or any other Hi-Line town and appreciate the problems associated with food distribution and the rapid growth of our planet's human population. Driving through the golden triangle west of Havre, or passing through the durum fields in Sheridan County, or watching the trucks roll out of the stockyards on auction night, it's hard to come to grips with the fact that there are people starving. Looking at miles of clean sky in every direction, it's hard to identify with polluted air.

And it's just as hard to understand the anti-hunting movement. Perhaps there are people who can't appreciate and don't understand our situation. ■

Why Does Man Hunt? *continued*

But escape to where? To some far-off imaginary planet? To the Roman Empire, as an heroic soldier?

For many, there is a simpler and more feasible way to satisfy our quest for diversions. Jose Ortega y Gasset, in "Meditations on Hunting," notes the appeal of moving backward toward more elemental lifestyles, where ". . . specialization diminishes and we find more generic ways of being a man, with so few suppositions that, *in principle*, those ways would be possible or almost possible at any time; that is, they exist as *permanent availabilities in man*."

This, says Ortega y Gasset, is the reason men hunt: "When you are fed up with the troublesome present, with being 'very twentieth century,' you take your gun, whistle for your dog, go out to the mountain, and, without further ado, give yourself the pleasure during a few hours or a few days of being 'Paleolithic.' And men of all eras have been able to do the same, without any difference except in the weapon employed. It has always been at man's disposal to escape from the present to that pristine form of being a man, which, because it is the first form, has no historical suppositions. History begins with that form. Before it, there is only that which never changes: that which is permanent, Nature. 'Natural' man is always there, under the changeable historical man. We call him and he comes—a little sleepy, benumbed, without his lost form of instinctive hunter, but, after all, still alive. 'Natural' man is first 'prehistoric' man—the hunter."

So, for many people, it may be more than just a recreational choice when they take their rifle, shotgun or bow and set off to the prairies or mountains in search of prey. It may be the answer to a call that comes from deep within, an answer they make in the truest and most honest way possible. And while answering that primal call, today's hunters might do well to keep in mind these words from "The Prophet," by Kahlil Gibran:

Then an old man, a keeper of an inn, said, Speak to us of Eating and Drinking.

And he said:

Would that you could live on the fragrance of the earth, and like an air plant be sustained by the light.

But since you must kill to eat, and rob the newly born of its mother's milk to quench your thirst, let it then be an act of worship.

And let your board stand an altar on which the pure and the innocent of forest and plain are sacrificed for that which is purer and still more innocent in man.

When you kill a beast say to him in your heart,

"By the same power that slays you, I too am slain; and I too shall be consumed.

For the law that delivered you into my hand shall deliver me into a mightier hand.

Your blood and my blood is naught but the sap that feeds the tree of heaven." ■

About The Artists

Believing in the goals of this issue of *Montana Outdoors,* several Montana artists prepared special illustrations to underscore the philosophy behind its publication. Our thanks are an inadequate expression of our appreciation for their superb efforts.—*Ed.*

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MO readers are no doubt familiar with the pen-and-ink illustrations of **Kelly Vollrath,** since they have appeared in several previous issues. A self-taught artist who lives in Great Falls, Vollrath's work has also appeared on covers of *North Dakota Outdoors;* several of his limited edition prints have been sold at Ducks Unlimited banquets in Montana and North Dakota. Prints of one of his drawings were sold by Ducks Unlimited at chapter fund-raising auctions all over the United States. In this special issue of *MO,* his work illustrates "Behold the Hunter" (page 4), "A Letter from Jean" (page 18) and "A Message to All Concerned for Wildlife" (page 39). For additional information about his work, contact him at 2909 Third Ave. N.; Great Falls, MT 59401.

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The finely detailed work of **Takehiro Taira,** a Kalispell artist, has appeared frequently in *MO,* especially to illustrate articles on nongame species. His painting of a raccoon was chosen as the cover for the July/August 1979 issue. In this magazine, his pen-and-ink drawing accompanies "Deer Mountain and the Conservation Cause" (page 16). For additional information about his work, contact him at 2757 Highway 93 South; Kalispell, MT 59901.

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Free-lance wildlife artist **A. J. McCoy** lives in Ennis. Her interests are "the outdoors and horses and everything that pertains to them." She enjoys hiking, riding, cross-country skiing and belongs to the Society of Animal Artists and Western Artists of America. Her work has been selected for exhibition in the Cowboy Hall of Fame Wildlife Art Exhibit. In this issue, her painting of Rocky Mountain goats appropriately illustrates "The High Beyond" (page 20). For additional information about her work, contact her at Box 161; Ennis, MT 59729.

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A native of Bozeman, **Jim Wantulok** spends many hours outdoors—a trait clearly observable in his paintings. He studied art at Eastern Montana College in Billings and at Montana State University in Bozeman. He has also studied with contemporary artists Jack Hines and Val Thelin. He has had one-man shows in Montana, Washington, Oregon and Texas and his work currently appears in galleries in several states. He says of his work: "I paint waterfowl in order to capture those quiet spots where every hunter has been at one time or another. Such places provide me a relaxing and peaceful solitude for contemplative study. This is my way of appreciating the beauty of the outdoors." His ruffed grouse painting illustrates "On the Wing" (page 22). For additional information about his work, contact him at 1907 S. Tracy; Bozeman, MT 59715.

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The grizzly bear has inspired the stuff of which legends are made, as **Ron Jenkins'** painting for "The Beast That Walks Like Man" (page 24) aptly illustrates. For several years, Jenkins' work has delighted *MO* readers. His paintings appeared on the cover and illustrated an article about Montana's grouse species in Sept./Oct. 1978. His painting of Canada geese was featured on the Sept./Oct. 1979 cover. And his painting of Barrow's goldeneyes recently won the 1980 Montana Bird Stamp Contest. In 1965, he won the coveted Federal Duck Stamp Design Contest with a painting of canvasbacks. He is an avid fisherman and bird-watcher and believes his practice of spending many hours watching wildlife assists him in painting field observations from memory. He states: "Wildlife today needs all the help it can get. If I can portray our wildlife world correctly in pictures, perhaps it will create some awareness of its true beauty and value to our planet. . . ." For additional information about his work, contact him at 2344 Cloverdale Dr.; Missoula, MT 59801.

* * * * *

Robert A. Kercher echoes the sentiments of many hunters with his painting of a flock of mallards ("To the Mallard," page 26). He recently resigned as head of the Art Department at C. M. Russell High School in Great Falls to devote full time to his art. He has had many one-man shows and has exhibited throughout the western United States. He has donated work to the Great Falls Ducks Unlimited auction. In 1978, his work was judged "Best of Show" at the Montana State Fair and won the "People's Choice Award" at the Miles City Auction. The winner of numerous other awards, he is also an illustrator for Trail West Cards. For additional information about his work, contact him at 108 Riverview, 7 West; Great Falls, MT 59404.

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Montana's majestic Crazy Mountains and pheasants are inextricably linked in "Going Up Under the Mountains" (page 42) and in **Jeff Walker's** painting which illustrates the article. A full-time artist who was formerly an art instructor at Great Falls High School, Walker has participated in many western art auctions and has donated his work to Ducks Unlimited auctions. He chooses Montana birds—mostly game birds—in Montana settings for his paintings and etchings. For additional information about his work, contact him at Route 1 South, Box 98; Cascade, MT 59421.

* * * * *

Robert Spannring of Livingston combines his interest in photography, cross-country skiing, backpacking, fishing and hunting with his skills as an artist. The results are paintings such as the bighorn sheep on our front cover and the illustration which accompanies "Something for the Kids" (page 44). A some-time carpenter, Spannring also was employed as a wrangler at the Ox Yoke Guest Ranch. For additional information about his work, contact him at P. O. Box 403; Livingston, MT 59047. ■

Deer Mountain And The Conservation Cause

by Jim Posewitz

THE MOUNTAIN really has no name. We came to call it "Deer Mountain" as we hunted it through the years. I taught my three sons to hunt its ridges, slopes and thickets. More important, they learned about the mountain and about the deer as part of growing up. The mountain belonged to the deer and, seasonally, it was shared with the hunter.

The year 1976 was special on Deer Mountain. Early in the season one of my sons, hunting alone, killed a fat young buck at the edge of a lodgepole thicket. When we returned to pack the deer out, he led me to it by orienting from a red flag he found hammered into the main ridge. He also spoke of a road ripped through a fir thicket on the ridge —a thicket we knew well. A year earlier it had shielded a handsome old buck that fled as I tried to position a young hunter for a shot. The old buck's shield was broken now, torn apart so a four-wheeler could carry the flag to its station.

Two weeks later, a second son took a buck from Deer Mountain and it, too, was fat in reflection of the mountain's ability to meet the needs of the deer as it has for year upon year. The deer were always there, the mountain restoring what we harvested. Because of this, the mountain became a very special place to us.

Year after year we returned, always learning more about mountains and deer, always marveling at how right things must be for the deer. In the last week of the season —Wednesday, to be exact—my oldest son took our finest buck of the year. It was a big, mature deer, and although the forest was free of snow and dry, giving the advantage to the buck, he was taken because the boy who hunted him had learned both the lay of the mountain and the habits of the deer. He had become a hunter. I was proud and satisfied as we strained against our pack frames, packing that buck off Deer Mountain.

On Thursday, a Thanksgiving Day storm drove out of the north and blanketed Deer Mountain with a deep layer of snow. The scale now tipped in favor of the hunter, and I returned alone to hunt the slopes, ridges and thickets of Deer Mountain. In vain, I searched for a final deer for the winter. Although my eyes searched the now-familiar haunts, my mind could see only the red flag on the ridge and the ugly gash ripped through the fir thicket. I returned again and again to the flag, noting the survey stake driven into the mountain. Although no more than a foot long, it had somehow pierced the heart of Deer Mountain.

The mountain, largely public land, is privately owned on its lower slopes and ridges. The deer that wintered there were unaware of all this. They were aware only that the slope had chokecherry, Oregon grape and juniper, and that the wind blew the ridges clear in winter. Of the flag, they were only curious.

The survey stake meant that Deer Mountain had been divided into little squares on the map on some surveyor's table. Like some mad alchemist, he made square a land of meandering springs, jagged ridges, rolling slopes and conical firs—little lots to peddle for second homes. The insensitivity of this alchemist was plainly revealed, written in the gash torn through the fir thicket. What could he have known of deer, snowshoe rabbits, ravens and blowing snow? What did he know of a big buck and his trail through a hidden saddle in the ridge? What could he have known of the boy who learned to wait hour on hour at that pass? And the man who employed him to make squares on the earth so they could be divided and sold—what did he know of deer and of boys becoming hunters?

The red flag was torn in the winter's north wind, the same wind which always cleared the ridges for the deer. By February the flag was gone, torn to shreds by the angry wind. But the little squares on the map remained. In March, ads began to appear in the local paper, "20 acres and larger, mountain home properties." In April, with sales apparently lagging, the public was urged over the radio by a catchy little ditty to buy into the subdivision for "open spaces," "scenic beauty," "wildlife" and "fish." It seemed to matter little that open spaces would be diminished, scenic beauty would be compromised, wildlife would be jeopardized and what few fish there were could only expect diminished water quality. The ditty was sung to the tune of "Oh My Darling, Clementine" and began, "Timber home sites, in the mountains. . . ."

While it is easy and often convenient to criticize subdividers and land speculators, the whole equation depends on still another element. It also takes customers. There are few of us who don't long for a place in the mountains. There is nothing exceptional or unique in that. Make no mistake, however; when you satisfy that longing, it can only be accommodated by sacrificing the needs of fish and wildlife. They have no alternative. That place in the mountains is their only place. The real world of wild things is no Disneyland where we can stroll through the woods hand in hand with bears, deer and rabbits, singing "Zippity Do Da" and picking daisies.

The real world is access roads and home sites where there was once browse and bunch grass. It is yapping dogs instead of security. The real world is snowplows, school buses and grinding pickups where

wildlife once patiently endured winter in quiet solitude. It is power transmission lines and septic tanks so the home in the mountains is just like the home in town. The outdoor privy is not really what today's mountain folks had in mind. Reality is too much horse on too few acres, beating postage-stamp pastures into dust and gravel.

The world of reality is calling the Dept. of Fish, Wildlife and Parks to remove beavers which are felling aspen and plugging culverts. Reality is trapping and killing bears which are lured by smoldering garbage barrels, shallow refuse pits or greasy barbecue grills. Reality is that wildlife is really neat, just as long as it causes no inconvenience.

So it is with a thousand rural land divisions throughout Montana. With each "land for sale, get your 20 acres" ad in the paper and each little "buy your mountain home" ditty sung on the radio, Montana's hunters have fewer Deer Mountains.

I suppose I could be more positive; after all, the special pleasures of Deer Mountain once belonged to my sons and to me, and those memories can never be erased or even dimmed. However, the question remains: What good will *my* memories do my grandchildren? And all the future generations of hunters who deserve better than a few tattered remnants of what were once wild and free places?

The hunters of North America have struggled for a century to save our vanishing wildlife habitat. Sadly, these struggles have become as much a part of hunting as the hunt itself. The fact remains, however, that the hunter *does* respond and in that response a special relationship between the hunter and the hunted is perpetuated. The result of that relationship is that deer ranges are often saved, duck marshes are spared or reclaimed, and a few wild rivers still run free. There are things that only man can do for wildlife and that wildlife cannot do without. If wildlife and the places it needs to survive are going to persist, it will be because America's hunters heard the silent cries of wildlife in danger and cared enough to answer the call. ■

(adapted from "There's a Red Flag on Deer Mountain," by Jim Posewitz, *Montana Outdoors*, Sept. Oct. 1977)

Dear Mr. McIntosh,

I would like to teach my two children to "respect the natural scheme of things" but I don't know how to go about it. I do not believe, as you do, that "a hunter hunts out of love—love for the game he hunts and for the ethics of his sport and for nature itself." How can you say you "love" the game you hunt and at the same time want to destroy it?

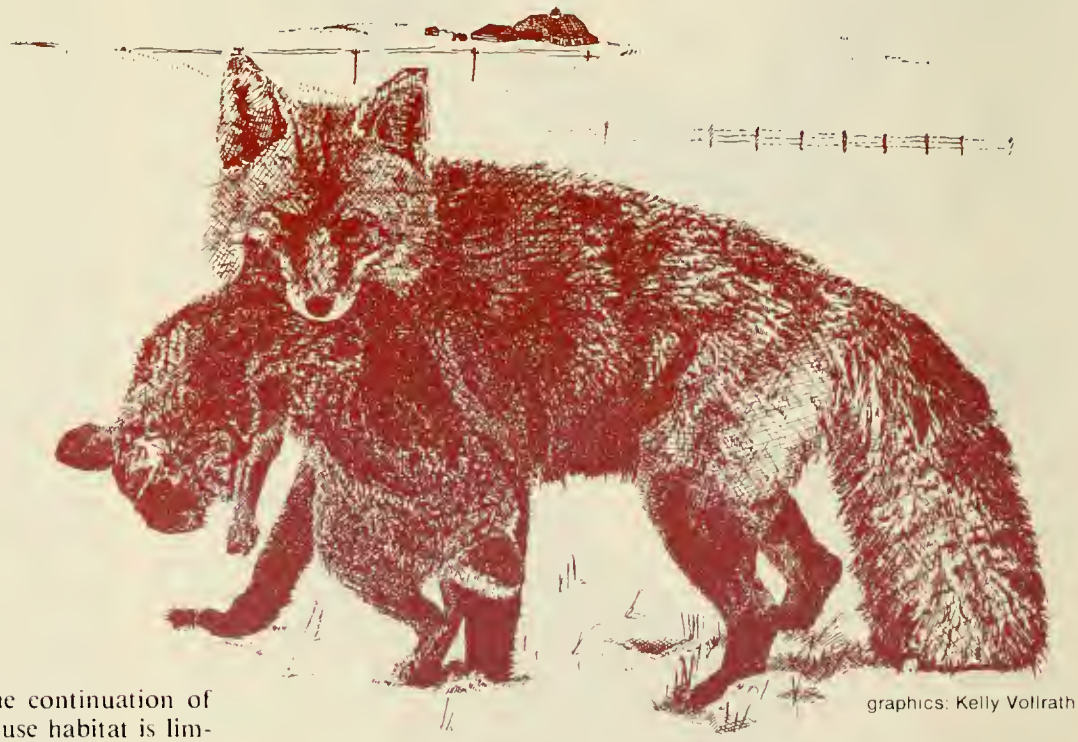
Please, if you can, explain to me the difference between the hunters and the morons of this world so I can teach my children to respect the natural scheme of things.

Sincerely,
Jean

Dear Jean,

It was kind of you to accept my proposal of an open letter in reply. You've asked me a monster of a question, you know, and I'm not certain that what follows will satisfy either of us. But I'll try; bless you for asking.

Why do we hunt? Many a good writer has tried to answer that, but no one ever has, not completely. The trouble is that there is no single answer for all time and for all people. It's like explaining love or education or God, something that must be redefined by every individual who faces it. In the end, it's a purely personal, purely subjective thing.



graphics: Kelly Vollrath

A Letter From Jean

by Michael McIntosh

We know all the biological and ecological reasons why wildlife must be harvested. We know that man has disrupted the balance of nature to the point where it can scarcely survive his presence without management and a harvest to ensure the continuation of species; we know that because habitat is limited, populations must also be limited else none will survive. We accept man's role as both destroyer and preserver, and we often use that as the ultimate explanation of sport hunting.

But that isn't good enough. It's like defining love in terms of blood pressure. There's more to it.

During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, European scholars thought of the universe as a chain in which all creation had its place. God was at the top, inanimate nature—stones, minerals and such—at the bottom; between lay everything from the angels to the plants, including man. Man, they said, was at the center, exactly midway between God and the rocks. Above him were the angels and below him the beasts.

Man's position was the result of his own nature. He, alone of God's creatures, is possessed of reason and a spirit as well as of a physical body. In his ability to reason and in his capacity for spiritual perception, he is like the angels. But man has another side, more nearly bestial than angelic; he is governed by the same biology, the same instincts and appetites as the animals to which he presumes himself so far superior.

Out of this, Renaissance scholars posited a concept of human psychology which has remained fundamentally current for centuries. Anticipating Freud by at least 500 years, this early investigation of man found him to be a composite of opposing forces. On the one hand, he is a creature of reason, capable of moral discrimination and abstract thought; on the other, he is subject to the whims and caprices of bestial passion. He is, in short, an angel and an animal all at once.

In addition to his rational and irrational being, man also possesses free will—the ability to determine his own behavior from among the various, conflicting impulses generated by the contradictions of his own nature. In this free will resides his judgment.

What is important in this concept is that man is seen as

(adapted from "A Letter from Jean," by Michael McIntosh, *Missouri Conservationist*, July 1977)

part of the larger natural scheme and not as a separate entity. One of the greatest dangers inherent in our rational capacity is our short-sighted egotism; we surround ourselves with a contrived environment and gadgetry of our own device and then, marveling at our cleverness, begin to feel superior to nature. We see ourselves as the ultimate creators, merely because we can astound ourselves with the complexity and precision of what we build. We can dig a perfectly straight trench—a feat which nature seems unable to perform—flood it with water and shortly begin congratulating ourselves for creating the perfect river. Or, we construct aircraft that can fly to the moon and back, arriving on time at a predetermined point, and become wonderfully smug over having devised the ultimate migration.

Because we really do not know why we exist upon this planet—and because we are too egotistical to subsist for long on simple faith—we invent reasons and act them out, and in every case we conclude that we are here to rule: Manifest Destiny in its broadest sense.

We look on nature and its creatures as subordinates, claiming for ourselves the right to preserve or destroy as if we were somehow apart from it all. I suspect that for every thousand or so people who are awestruck by the complicated computer banks we've built, only one or two would expend much wonder at all over the ecosystem of, say, a small pond. Yet even the smallest pond is a structure infinitely more complex than anything man can conceive, much less construct. But we seem most admiring of what we've built; the pond is just . . . there.

Try as I might, I simply cannot work up one iota of superior feeling toward nature. True, I have the wherewithal to make a great impact upon it; all of us have. But I cannot call that superiority. It seems to me that we have a lot of progress to make in order to arrive at the enlightenment shown by those ignorant, half-civilized people who, six centuries ago, saw man as only one link in the Great Chain of Being.

Now, perhaps I've taken the long way 'round to say a simple thing, but there are two central points that are vital to my thinking about hunting. First of all, man is, regardless of his self-conscious arrogance, a natural creature. Moreover, he has an unalterable obligation to use his powers of reason and ethical discrimination to curb the unjust advantage which those very powers confer upon him. Man does possess certain gifts to a greater degree than any other creature, gifts which make him potentially dangerous, and it is therefore his responsibility to be self-regulating in their use.

The first point goes a long way toward explaining the hunting instinct. The cardinal law is that nature is a self-supporting and self-perpetuating system, so that every part depends upon every other part for sustenance. Man has a place here and, in the beginning, he exercised it out of necessity: hunt or die. The instinct to hunt is probably the oldest and surely the most natural of all impulses. In the broadest sense, every animal hunts, from the bird foraging for insects, the deer searching for plant life to graze or browse, to the hawk and coyote hunting for rabbits and field mice. Every organism seeks—hunts—the specific food or food type that sustains it.

Only man has been able to alter his role in the food chain; he still subsists upon other forms of life, of course, but he is no longer a predator in the individual sense. He has learned to cultivate his food, both plant and animal, rather than take his chances on the likelihood of its natural availability. The necessity for hunting as a means of survival no longer exists, but what of the instinct to do so? Surely a few hundred or even a few thousand years of farming hasn't altered the predatory impulse; it's there in all of us as a part of our ancient heritage. Not all of us choose to express the hunting instinct by hunting, but we express it nonetheless. If this instinct is, as I believe, inseparably linked with the natural instinct for survival, then it seems to me there is little fundamental difference between hunting and the desire to obtain the high-paying job as a means of achieving the highest possible standard of living. Since man is the only creature who distinguishes degrees of quality in survival, his predatory instincts are often directed more toward achieving a certain type of existence than toward maintaining existence itself. At bottom, though, it's still the will for survival.

So, the simplest answer to why people hunt is that we have an innate need and desire to do so. The next question is the moral one—is it right? It is, but it is also wrong, wrong to hunt irresponsibly. Man's technological advantages have brought him both the means to do great harm and the obligation to ensure against his own dangerous potential. The man who takes his gun to go hunting does not leave behind a single responsibility; on the contrary, he has assumed a whole set of new ones. He is then under a tremendous obligation to use his gun, the product of his reason, respectfully and meaningfully. Because it is an efficient weapon, he must restrict himself in its use and not allow himself to behave shamefully. The scope of his ethical responsibility is at least as large as his aptitude for doing harm, and it is in his dealing with nature that man has most need of the moral perception that he is so proud to own.

This moral sensibility is uniquely human, one of the things that sets man apart. Leaving man out of the picture for the moment, it is important to recognize that there is no such thing as a moral code in nature; natural acts are neither right nor wrong. No wild creature is morally culpable for killing another, regardless of the victim's age or attractiveness in human eyes. A wolf or coyote is not "bad" for killing a rabbit, a fawn, a chicken or a calf, for it is its nature to obtain food this way. It may be an undesirable act, from a human point of view, but it can in no way be deemed right or wrong, good or bad, any more than a lightning bolt can be morally judged for striking in one place and not another.

It is this simple, survival-of-the-fittest world from which man originates, and, regardless of how refined, how "civilized" he fancies himself to be, much of human behavior is motivated by his bent on survival.

Those who attack hunting often do so by arguing morality, as if hunting were somehow unworthy of beings possessed of moral awareness. The thinking goes this way: We can reason and we have a sense of right and wrong, which makes us superior to nature, and we therefore should behave as such. I cannot accept that. I

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A.J.McCOY
'74 ©

The High Beyond

by John Madson

This mountain country expands and intensifies many things that men love and dread in the outdoors. It's a land of heroic exaggeration where you can breathe more and get less air, walk farther and make less distance, take a quicker bath, have more sudden weather, and spit farther than anywhere else in North America. The old trappers said that "meat don't spile" in the high country. Packers claim that some of their country is "so cussed tall that you got to lay down on your back and look up twice to see the top of it. . . ."

There are many other fine places, and they are all genuine places and good for men to be in, whether they are stormy coasts, plains, canoe rivers, redwood groves, or just the squirrel woods of home.

But always, standing apart from the ordinary places, its prodigious horizons crowding the vault of heaven, there is the high country. It will always be there to lift men's eyes, outlasting the prairies and the redwoods—outlasting men, and the eroding lichens, and even life itself.

The alpine fastness perplexes most men, and they cannot decide if it is a good thing or not. It has few of the common advantages of other places, and a multitude of disadvantages that are unique. Some people actively dislike the strange world that lies above 8,000 feet, and will never enter it. Maybe they secretly fear that they will fall from the high places, and so they stay in their valleys. And maybe this valley way of thinking is best for it meets our modern needs for comfort, crowds, and safety from falling.

Yet, there are things that the valleys cannot give us. Such as the high notes of an elk's bugling, drifting down to the spike camp through three miles of perfect air. Such as a pika whistling and spreading his hay on sunlit talus, and Swede's spurs jingling toward the picket line at dawn, and the thin, wild wind.

And if a man is to keep safe from falling, he can never aspire to hunt toward some incredible height and stand there alone, and consider the smallness of valleys, and how far they lie beneath him.

("The High Beyond," from "The Elk," by John Madson, Conservation Department of Winchester-Western, Olin Corporation, 1966, reprinted with permission)

J. WANEK

On The Wing

by Aldo Leopold

When my father gave me the shotgun, he said I might hunt partridges with it, but that I might not shoot them from trees. I was old enough, he said, to learn wing-shooting.

My dog was good at treeing partridge, and to forego a sure shot in the tree in favor of a hopeless one at the fleeing bird was my first exercise in ethical codes. Compared with a treed partridge, the devil and his seven kingdoms was a mild temptation.

At the end of my second season of featherless partridge-hunting I was walking, one day, through an aspen thicket when a big partridge rose with a roar at my left, and, towering over the aspens, crossed behind me, hell-bent for the nearest cedar swamp. It was a swinging shot of the sort the partridge-hunter dreams about, and the bird tumbled dead in a shower of feathers and golden leaves.

I could draw a map today of each clump of red bunchberry and each blue aster that adorned the mossy spot where he lay, my first partridge on the wing. I suspect my present affection for bunchberries and asters dates from that moment.

(excerpted from "Red Legs Kicking," in "A Sand County Almanac With Other Essays On Conservation From Round River," by Aldo Leopold. Copyright © 1949, 1953, 1966, renewed 1977 by Oxford University Press, Inc. Reprinted by permission)

m jenkins
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The Beast That Walks Like Man

by Harold McCracken

The story of creation as related by the Shasta and Modoc Indians, who live in what is now northern California and southern Oregon:

As he stood on top of the great mountain and looked around, the Great Spirit saw that the earth was entirely barren and lifeless. He decided to make the earth beautiful and create living things to enjoy it. Walking down out of the snow, he put his fingers onto the bare ground, and green trees, grass, and flowers instantly sprang up and began spreading into forests that quickly covered the valleys and low hills. Then he told the sun to shine a little more brightly, to melt some of the snow on the great mountains, just enough so that the water would run down to nurture the forests and the flowers. With the end of his walking stick he marked out a place for the streams and rivers, which began carrying water out to fill the sea. Then he broke off the small end of his walking stick, which he crushed into small bits in his hand, and, casting these into the streams, they became fish which swam away to spawn. Picking some leaves from the trees, he held them in the palm of his hand and, blowing them into the air, they became birds of many kinds which flew away singing, to build their nests. After this, very pleased with what he had done, the Great Spirit broke off some more of his walking stick and, casting larger bits of it about, they became animals of many kinds. He made them of many sizes, some weak and some swift of foot, and each one a little stronger or a little swifter than others, so they would each have a good chance of survival. And when he came to the large end of his walking stick, the heavy part that he always held in his right hand, he held it thoughtfully for some time, deciding just what sort of creature he should make out of this last sturdy piece; and then he made an animal that was to be mightier than any of the others and was to rule over all the rest. This was the grizzly bear. But, when this animal took form and life, it was so strong and aggressive that the Great Spirit had to climb hurriedly back to the mountaintop, to find a safe place to rest after performing all his labors of creating life upon the earth.

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R.A. MERCHER '79
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To The Mallard

by John Madson

All duck hunters know you.

We've met you in the Cajun country, on oxbow lakes below Memphis, in the flooded oak flats of Stuttgart, and on the stock ponds of Phillips County. We've hunted you a million times on the Platte, the Powder and the Trinity; from Big Muddy high bars and jo'boats on Jug Handle Slough—all the way from the Laguna Madre to the Pas; from Okefenokee to the Malheur marshes.

We've hunted you the breadth and height of a continent, and we have this to say:

You are our standard, our measure of quality, and the best beloved of waterfowl. Wherever men crack the dawn and go down to the marshes—to all of the Brotherhood who wear drakes' curls in their cap bands—you are prized, honored and respected. And if, as we drain the prairies, you are driven North to nest in the Land of Little Sticks, we hope that you are pioneer enough to survive our greed.

For you are the keystone of our tradition. As the mallard goes, so goes American waterfowling.

The Hunter's Role in Cons

by Tom Mussehl

ALTHOUGH GAME MEAT was an important food source for pioneers, fur trappers, miners and soldiers throughout the settlement period, few early Americans could afford the luxury of hunting for recreation. Wildlife was commonly looked upon as something to eat, to fear or to remove.

On this continent, hunting as a leisure activity may have begun among the owners of large southeastern plantations. With the social and economic changes brought by the Industrial Revolution, those planter-sportsmen were soon joined by industrialists, professional men and sueeessful merchants. Meanwhile farmers and ranchers—those men who lived in close contact with the land and surrounded by wildlife—were still fully occupied with the daily chores of existence and had little time to think of hunting for sport.

As the pressure of white settlement led to the clearing of virgin forests and the cultivation of grasslands, first in the eastern United States and then across the Midwest, the effects of these drastic habitat alterations were felt by American wildlife. Species such as elk and wolf virtually disappeared east of the Mississippi River. Whitetailed deer clung to scattered footholds. Bobwhite quail and cottontail rabbits thrived in the brushy hedgerows ereated by colonial agriculture, but the eastern prairie chicken faded. The passenger pigeon was destroyed forever, by a combination of habitat removal and market hunting. And a similar fate seemed decreed for the buffalo.

John James Audubon, having himself participated in buffalo hunts in the Dakota Territory, later became one of the first to voice concern over the future of the buffalo. But Audubon's warnings were not heeded. While the California gold rush (1848-49) and the Homestead Laws (1862) attracted prospectors and settlers, and the extension of the railroads across western prairie lands abetted that settlement, the habitat of the buffalo was relentlessly reduced. After the Civil War, professional buffalo hunters systematically slaughtered thousands of animals, providing food for the Army and sending hides back to lucrative markets in the East. By 1873, buffalo populations had been seriously depleted throughout their western range. Some public concern then emerged, and the following year a buffalo protection bill reached President Ulysses S. Grant. But the political power of the military prevented that bill from being signed into law. By 1881, the days of wild-ranging buffalo in western America were over.

WILDLIFE CONSERVATIONISTS EMERGE

The rapid destruction of the buffalo rallied more people into concern about the future of other wildlife in the United States. Prominent among these was George Bird Grinnell, who early in life had been influenced by the writings of Audubon. Grinnell's observations on the demise of the buffalo helped spur him into action as a crusading editor of one of the early sportsmen's magazines, *Forest and Stream.*

Conflict between the market hunters and sportsmen of that era had already arisen in the eastern duck marshes. As early as 1844, a New York hunters' club became one of the earliest groups of conservation activists. Around 1850, other sportsmen's groups in the major eastern cities began seeking stronger game laws and bans on market hunting. Yet, because society in general showed little concern whether these laws were enforced, market hunting for meat, feathers and other wildlife products continued. Hunters and bird enthusiasts were the main advocates of wildlife conservation in those early years; in 1886—aided by

ervation

These hunters were photographed near Helena, Mont., in the 1890s, shortly before the Montana Fish and Game Department was established (photo courtesy of Dan Hilger). The first federal duck stamp (right), designed by political cartoonist and noted conservationist Jay N. "Ding" Darling, was issued in 1934.

the efforts of Grinnell's magazine—the Audubon Society was founded to promote conservation of bird life.

By the end of the 19th century, market hunting, once widespread across the United States, was gradually being eliminated. In Montana, market hunting for birds had been outlawed in 1877. By 1897, the sale of all game animals and birds was prohibited in the state. Sport hunters, many with deep concern for the perpetuation of wildlife, began to emerge throughout the nation as wildlife conservationists. A notable example was Theodore Roosevelt. Although born in the East, a Harvard graduate, and a New York state legislator by his early '20s, T. R.'s hunting and outdoor experiences in the West primed him to be a crusader for wildlife conservation. In 1887, he helped organize a group of big game hunters into the Boone and Crockett Club. One of its early battles was to establish Yellowstone National Park. Later action by this group supported the concept of a national forest system, where the timber and wildlife would be publicly owned. Gifford Pinchot, also an active member of Boone and Crockett, helped establish the U. S. Forest Service in 1905 and served as its first head. Before development of effective state wildlife agencies, the Forest Service pioneered wildlife management on public lands in the West.

In the late 1800s, sportsmen organized into game protective associations and pushed through the framework for game administration in one state after another. Enforcement of wildlife laws was the primary concern. The Montana Fish and Game Department was first established in 1901. A state game warden and eight deputy wardens were responsible for enforcing the state's game laws. They were the only field employees at that time.

The states' wildlife agencies were originally financed from the state general fund, but between 1895 and 1922, most states adopted hunting license systems as a source of funding. The first Montana resident hunting and fishing licenses were issued in 1905: a dollar each, and one per family required! Sportsmen generally supported the hunting license concept, acknowledging that, as users of publicly owned wildlife resources, they should pay for their privileges.

On July 7, 1902, the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners conducted its initial meeting in Yellowstone National Park. It included the leading authorities on fish and wildlife in the United States and Canada. This association, founded to unite and help strengthen state conservation programs, quickly became a major force in promoting wildlife conservation throughout North America. It remains so today: Legal staff of the organization successfully defended state fish and wildlife agencies in the recent (1978-79) attack on the Pittman-Robertson program by two anti-hunting groups (see *Montana Outdoors*, Sept./Oct. 1979). Now called the International Association of Fish and Wildlife Agencies, the IAFWA convened at West Yellowstone, Mont., in September 1979, for its 69th annual meeting.

In 1900, an alliance of bird clubs, sportsmen's associations and scientists was successful in passing the Lacey Act, a federal law banning interstate shipment of illegally taken wildlife. With this enforcement support from the federal government, many states were stimulated to strengthen their wildlife laws.

In 1911, the American Game

Protective and Propagation Association (AGPPA) was founded, to focus national attention on the need for wildlife conservation. (The AGPPA evolved into the Wildlife Management Institute in 1946.) The AGPPA, supported by sportsmen and bird enthusiasts, helped obtain adoption of the Migratory Bird Treaty Act in 1918. This treaty between the United States and Canada banned market hunting and the unlimited exploitation of North American waterfowl resources.

GOOD TIMES AGAIN

The 1920s brought good times for many Americans. With more leisure time and the advent of automobiles, hunting, fishing and outdoor recreation boomed. An estimated 6 million hunters were licensed annually in the 1920s and many of them strongly supported conservation and game law reforms. Montana established numerous game preserves, transplanted big game, introduced the ring-necked pheasant and Hungarian partridge and created fish and game districts for controlling hunting seasons. Nationally, the Izaak Walton League of America was formed in 1922, with membership derived primarily from the nation's growing numbers of anglers and sport hunters. Its goals —to conserve fish and wildlife and clean up the nation's waters—established this organization as a pioneer in environmental concern.

NEW ROOTS FOR WILDLIFE CONSERVATION

Unwise agricultural practices and severe drought in the early 1930s caused "dust bowl" conditions disastrous to both the people and the wildlife of the American plains. The Depression also brought down the curtain on the good times of the '20s. For many people, it meant grim times of digging in and barely hanging on. The wildlife conservation movement also "dug in" during the early 1930s. It established basic roots that grew into a strong foundation and effective springboard for modern wildlife management.

Dust bowl conditions were particularly harmful to the continent's most productive waterfowl breeding areas: the north central states and Canada's prairie provinces. By autumn of 1930, drastic decreases in waterfowl numbers were obvious.

Sportsmen's organizations suggested sale of a federal stamp to finance acquisition of wetlands; this idea led to the Migratory Bird Hunting Stamp Act in 1934. Waterfowl hunters were required to purchase a $1 "duck stamp" with proceeds earmarked for the purchase, development and management of waterfowl refuges. Since that time, more than 75 million duck stamps have been sold and more than $210 million has been raised to finance the preservation of 2.3 million acres of waterfowl habitat. About 2.4 million hunters, conservationists and stamp collectors now buy duck stamps each year; the current price is $7.50.

In 1937, Ducks Unlimited was founded, primarily by American waterfowl hunters, for the sole purpose of restoring waterfowl habitat. Since then, this organization has spent over $60 million to improve conditions for waterfowl. Fourteen hundred individual waterfowl habitat improvement projects—involving 2.6 million acres of Canadian wetlands and over 10,000 shoreline miles of quality waterfowl habitat—have been completed. Through this cooperative effort by hunters, landowners and other concerned citizens, DU has preserved and enhanced more marshland habitat—for waterfowl and other wildlife—than any other private organization. Ducks Unlimited now has nearly 900 local chapters scattered throughout the United States and Mexico.

DU projects have not only benefited waterfowl and associated wetland wildlife, but have also provided stable water reserves useful to local agriculture and municipalities. The ultimate goal has been simple: to conserve waterfowl habitat and thereby ensure that future generations of Americans (hunters and nonhunters) can continue to enjoy the annual flights of waterfowl.

Although preservation of the continent's dwindling waterfowl resources occupied much of the attention of the nation's wildlife conservationists in the mid 1930s, they also

had broader aims for wildlife conservation. In 1935, the American Game Protective and Propagation Association was reorganized into the American Wildlife Institute. This group helped establish the foundations of modern wildlife management. The cooperative Wildlife Research Unit program was begun in 1936 to provide college training for future wildlife management professionals. Also in that year, the First North American Wildlife Conference was conducted and the National Wildlife Federation was founded.

FINDING THE FUNDING

In 1937, a wildlife conservation funding idea, conceived partially in the 1920s by members of the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners, was enacted by Congress. Called the

Today's hunting is a carefully managed system of seasons providing diverse opportunities for outdoor enjoyment and for harvest of wild meat. Seasons are regulated to ensure that no more animals from a population are taken in any year than can be biologically replaced during the next breeding cycle (photo: Jon Cates).

Pittman-Robertson Act (P-R) it established a federal excise tax of 10% (changed to 11% in 1941) on sporting arms and ammunition for use by state wildlife agencies in habitat acquisition and restoration, wildlife research and wildlife surveys. The basic premise of P-R was that "wildlife restoration might most effectively be accomplished by strengthening the ability of the state fish and wildlife agencies to manage those resources for which they hold management authority in the public interest."

P-R dollars are matched to state hunting license monies on a maximum 3-to-1 basis. Allocations to states are based partly on the number of licensed hunters and partly on the area of the state. An important "stabilizing" feature of P-R is the requirement for state enabling acts that prevents the diversion of hunting license revenues to any use except wildlife management. Before P-R, license funds could be—and often were—diverted by state legislatures from wildlife conservation to other, more politically appealing, public projects.

Between 1937 and 1978, more than $826 million was provided by P-R for state wildlife management programs. Montana's own program has received $27 million from P-R since 1941.

Over the years, some new features have been added to the original P-R program. In 1971, the act was amended to allow establishment of hunter safety and education programs in all the states. Funded from a 10% excise tax on handguns, they were patterned after the country's first hunter safety program developed by New York state, with assistance from the National Rifle Association. In 1974, an 11% excise tax on archery equipment was established; in the next three years, over $17 million was funneled into P-R from the nation's archers.

HUNTERS, WILDLIFE AND MANAGEMENT

Hunting has been a popular and traditional use of Montana's wildlife resource since Territorial days. It has evolved from a vital means of sustenance into a major outdoor recreational activity. According to a 1977 survey ("Montana Futures—A Survey of Citizen Choices") over 55% of Montana men and 20% of Montana women are hunters; fewer than one in seven people are opposed to hunting. And whether they hunt or not, approximately 70% of Montana's residents make special efforts to observe wildlife in its natural setting.

Today's hunting, in contrast to the unlimited slaughter of buffalo and waterfowl in market hunting days, is a carefully managed system of seasons providing diverse opportunities for outdoor enjoyment and for harvest of wild meat. The goal of management is to protect, perpetuate and ensure the wise use of Montana's renewable wildlife resources. Without protection and maintenance of wildlife habitat—as a fundamental part of mankind's accelerating progress—the future of hunting, and of other means of enjoying wildlife, is dim.

Wise use requires regulating hunting to ensure that no more animals from a population are taken in any year than can be biologically replaced during the next breeding cycle. In some cases, annual harvests of certain game species are adjusted temporarily to reduce population levels for the protection of that species' habitat, or of private property, or both. In other situations, very low rates of annual harvest, or no harvest, are prescribed.

Wise use also implies that humans may enjoy wildlife in ways other than hunting. The majority of the known 446 species of birds and mammals in Montana are not hunted, and never will be. General hunting seasons for big game in Montana span only about 10% or less of the calendar year. The more prolific game bird species are hunted longer, but still only during a small portion of the year. The hunted species are thus available for observation, photography and other nonhunting uses for the majority of the year with the absence of hunters afield.

In Montana, as elsewhere, hunters and fishermen have provided the bulk of financial support for fish and wildlife management. The early protective programs were enforced with revenues from license sales and fines from game law violations. Nonresident hunting licenses were first required in 1901, and resident hunting licenses in 1905. Since 1941, Pittman-Robertson and license revenues have been the basic funding sources for wildlife management programs. Some of the activities in Montana wildlife management funded by hunters are:

(1) Statewide field surveys and inventories. These have provided a biological basis for setting annual game harvests within sustainable limits. Many millions of hunting days have thereby been provided to residents and nonresidents. The field surveys have also served to detect and monitor changes in overall wildlife habitat and to provide wildlife information as a factor in public and private land management decisions.

(2) Acquisition and restoration of key wildlife habitat areas. The first major purchases were the Sun River and Blackfoot-Clearwater Game ranges in 1948. Since then, 290,838 acres (179,054 acres owned, 111,784 acres leased) of key wildlife habitat throughout the state have been dedicated solely to wildlife management. In addition to preserving prime habitat for game species, these areas also foster an abundance of nongame species. They are favored, and free, locations for many wildlife watchers, photographers, hikers, nature lovers and other outdoor recreationists.

(3) Baseline information obtained by biological field studies. This has helped provide the basis for land-use decisions and for legislation, such as stream preservation and mining laws, thus protecting the state's environment for fish, wildlife and humans.

(4) Year-round enforcement of existing fish and wildlife laws. This enforcement, much increased since the early days of the department, has greatly enhanced the protection of Montana's wildlife.

(5) Wildlife research. Department researchers, with assistance from the Montana University System and cooperating federal agencies, have provided valuable knowledge on the behavior, life requirements, ecological relationships, disease and acceptable harvest rates of various wildlife species, and of the impacts of pesticides and various land uses on fish and wildlife. Many studies have contributed to the knowledge of the overall wildlife community and the consequences of man's activities—including some with serious implications to human health.

(6) Hunter safety programs. Supported by P-R revenues since 1971, these have introduced thousands of Montana youths to the safe use of firearms and archery equipment. Hunter safety programs also teach the basic points of wildlife conservation, the importance of hunter ethics, and basic outdoor skills and survival. As in most states, completion of a hunter safety course is required in Montana before a youth can obtain a hunting license.

WHO WILL ANSWER FOR TOMORROW?

In the past, hunters have paid the way for wildlife conservation throughout this country. Records from the Wildlife Management Institute show that between 1923 and mid-1978, the revenue provided by hunters to American wildlife management has approached 4 billion dollars ($3,828,504,379.51)! This total includes income derived from hunting license sales, P-R excise taxes and duck stamps. It does not include hunters' contributions to Ducks Unlimited or other private wildlife conservation organizations.

There can be no question that the wildlife conservation achievements of American hunters have had direct benefits for nonhunters who also appreciate wildlife. In 1974, for instance, 70% of the nation's use of public wildlife lands (purchased with sportsmen's dollars) was by people enjoying outdoor recreation other than hunting and fishing. In Montana, the state's wildlife management areas are also significantly used by nonhunters.

Yet, the purpose of this article has not been to glorify hunters. Like skiers, churchgoers or tennis players, the 20 million hunters in the United States come from all walks of life and include all kinds of individuals. They are not all perfect sportsmen. Like the speetrum of drivers you see

"Meat's Not Meat Till It's In The Pan." This famous painting by Montana's "cowboy artist" C. M. Russell depicts the dilemma of a hunter with "dinner" lodged precariously on a rocky pinnacle. Game meat was an important source of food during the settlement period, but few early Americans could afford the luxury of hunting for recreation (courtesy of Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art; Tulsa, Okla.).

on the road, there are individuals who either scare the daylights out of you or leave you disgusted. Unfortunately, of all the drivers we meet, it is only the bad ones we long remember. This can also be true with hunters.

Fortunately, current interest in hunting, and in wildlife generally, remains high in Montana. But this interest is a small force when matched against national demands now being made, and those projected, on western states for energy, food, fiber and living space. Can fish and wildlife continue to be prominent parts of Montana's unique heritage, despite the accelerating demands of the nation? Are the final fruits of "progress" in western America to be simply the monotonous acres of monocultures, interrupted only by blacktop ribbons, scars of energy excavations, urban sprawls or roadside menageries?

The national wildlife conservation movement, sparked many decades ago by concerned sportsmen and bird enthusiasts, is now highly complex. Myriad groups are now active, not only on behalf of wildlife, but on behalf of all aspects of the environment. Compared with the lack of public concern for wildlife 100 years ago, this is positive. But the numerous interest groups are widely polarized, and the various "advocates for wildlife" seem to be growing farther apart rather than becoming united. An estimated $30 million to $40 million per year is spent in publicity campaigns by extremists aiming to stop all "consumptive" animal uses, such as hunting, fishing and trapping. Western folks might wonder if rodeos, horse racing, cattle branding and sheep docking will be next.

In response to broadening public interest, most wildlife agencies are now trying to emphasize nongame species. A few states have widened their traditional funding base to include other sources beside hunters and fishermen. Colorado is increasingly emphasizing nongame concerns with funds obtained through voluntary "check-off" contributions from state income tax forms. Missouri citizens voted to support strong new fish and wildlife enhancement programs through a slight increase in their existing state sales tax. A few states are using such funding sources as personalized car license plates and cigarette taxes, while some now again support fish and wildlife programs from state general funds. In 1973, the Montana Legislature mandated expanded nongame responsibilities for the Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks, but has not approved bills to obtain broader sources of funding.

Thus, as we enter the 1980s, hunters and fishermen are still providing the major financial base, in Montana and elsewhere, for state wildlife conservation programs. But with the enormous pressures expected during the rest of this century on remaining fish and wildlife habitat, isn't it time for commitment and unity among all those who claim to be concerned for wildlife? Isn't it a time for coalitions and compromises—rather than competition and acrimony—between wildlife interest groups? Isn't it time to ensure that, in the year 2000, our childrens' children will have the same opportunities we have had to observe wildlife, to enjoy the outdoors, and to hunt? ■

DFWP photo: Michael Gurnett

Tomorrow's Tradition

by Ken Walcheck

There's a large fingerlike gravel bar on the lower reach of the Yellowstone River that juts out into the main channel. Its structural features have changed little during the past two decades, even though it has been subjected annually to nature's capricious ice scouring and flooding.

It's a spot I know well and on countless occasions, I have walked over its rocky terrain loaded down with heavy bags of goose and duck decoys. To me, the bar represents more than a bed of inert rock and gravel: It's a special place that evokes nostalgic memories of past waterfowl hunts.

Walking to the driftwood blind in the predawn darkness heightens the adventure of simple listening. The ear roams during such excursions, testing, attempting to untangle the multitude of night noises. When a beaver's tail slaps cold, murky waters, you are free to picture a family of beaver with no fear of visual contradiction. The wind currents surging through pliable willow branches promise a day of whistling wings and fast shooting. And when a flock of mallards

pitches earthward with cupped wings, you catch your breath at the sound. But there is nothing to see but stars.

On this bar, one of my sons shot his first duck—a teal. Here he first cocked his car to the sounds of whistling wings, quacking mallards and the barking of distant geese. Here we talked with our duck calls to fat greenheads as they sailed into the spread of decoys. It's a place where a father could pass on to his children some of the waterfowl traditions he had learned from *his* father —a priceless gift, good for an entire lifetime. It's also a place where we've sometimes sat for hours without any action. But the measure of our good times didn't hinge on success.

During one of these lulls, my son brought up a subject that caught me off balance. One of his friends had asked him how he could justify hunting in this time of environmental concern. He wondered if I might shed a little light on this perplexing question.

Searching for words and buying myself a little time while I lit my pipe, I answered, "Look at me. Here you see the result of 1,001 experiences—some good, some bad. A man doesn't start to learn the real lessons about life until he's about 45. When he reaches this age, his appetites have thinned and he has a good sprinkling of knowledge that Somebody went to a lot of trouble to make those special things. We have experienced some of those special things on our hunts. It seems to me that the basic theme of hunting is exactly that word: hunting. Not killing. It's the total experience interwoven with tradition, ethics and yesterdays which is important. All of these blend with something spiritual that defies explanation.

"Part of it is the sharp bite of a cold wind that turns your cheeks as red as radishes. Or watching Penny flush a pheasant that sounds like a runaway locomotive as it breaks cover. Or waking up in a cold tent, rekindling the campfire and waiting for it to hiss and roar into life. Or watching a flock of geese glide into your decoys while your heart is thumping like a pile driver and something about the size of a baseball seems stuck in your throat. Or stepping out of a hunting cabin at night and looking up at a sky filled with thousands of stars, their brilliance undimmed by city lights or smog. Or biting into an apple during a midmorning break and never knowing anything could taste so good. Or watching black clouds boil threateningly on the horizon and then suddenly—as if released by a wrathful God—roar unchecked down the mountainside.

"Hunting takes you to places where everyday problems are viewed from the perspective of the soaring eagle, the timelessness of the mountains and the peace that evening twilight brings. In places like this, one can sense that creation is still going on and the creative forces are as great and as active today as they have ever been.

"The best thing about hunting, son—if you do it long enough—is that you undergo a curious evolution. As a young man, I saw a full bag limit as a symbol of manhood and acceptance by my fellow hunters. But as years pass, the raw hunting instinct changes and deeper values emerge. It's difficult to spend some of the best parts of one's life in nature's backyard without the mystique of the marshes, plains and mountains soaking into your blood. I hope the world I'll leave behind will be able to provide a total experience such as I have had during my sojourns as a hunter. If it doesn't, I'm going to be terribly disappointed."

This past November, I flew over the gravel bar as it lay cloaked with a thin layer of snow. A sense of time hung heavy over our hunting spot. I thought of my son's probing question, and wished I could have given him a more adequate answer. I certainly was in a better position than most to do so. A major portion of my life has focused on observing, studying, writing about and hunting various species of wildlife. I have talked about wildlife in hunting cabins, classrooms, around campfires, across desks, over bottles of beer and scores of other spots. I have waded through my share of field notes, legal documents, proposed legislation, brochures, press releases, letters of inquiry and talked to and swapped stories with hunters of all sizes and shapes. From this blend of paper, people and gunpowder, it seems I should have been able to come up with a better answer. A more complete rationale on why I hunt. But when it comes to describing *why* you like to do something, you are reduced to analogy, metaphor and personal impressions and experiences. It's hard to communicate those deeply rooted feelings—even to one's son.

This past year, I attended a meeting in which we kicked around some thoughts on why people like to hunt. One of my colleagues commented he liked to hunt "for the sheer joy and pleasure of it." For him, it was that basic. Another person—also an avid hunter—countered with, "That's not good enough. We have to do better than that!" I thought, do we? This brought to mind an uncle of mine—an active outdoorsman in his day—and what he would have said if pressed for an answer. Chances are he would have told me about "the good old days" and then, with eyes sparkling, taken off on long, rambling anecdotes about memorable hunts. What he was really trying to convey was the same thing I tried to tell my son: that hunting was an activity filled with sounds and images and charged with excitement and wonder. That hunting was a paradox beyond comprehension, impossible to explain in a precise and rational way.

As I took one final look at the gravel bar through the plane's window, I thought of Robert Ardrey's observation in "The Hunting Hypothesis": "While we are members of the intelligent primate family, we are uniquely human in the noblest sense, because for untold millions of years we alone killed for a living." We cannot avoid the evolutionary importance of hunting. This, I thought, is perhaps where I should have started explaining our hunting heritage to my son. Whether a person loves hunting or hates it, praises its code of ethics or condemns it, hunting was the force that shaped our bodies, molded our souls, honed our minds. From this conclusion there is no escape.

The hunter also underwent a wide spectrum of evolutionary changes, changes documented more completely elsewhere in this magazine. He faced exploration and exploitation

of the North American continent, development of an ecological conscience and emergence of the sportsman/hunter conservationist, scientific wildlife management and environmental concern. The early 1970s signaled the beginning of a new phase: confrontations between hunters and anti-hunting protectionists.

Although skirmishes between sportsmen and anti-hunters had occurred intermittently, the first major battle did not erupt until 1972. The confrontation was initiated by Friends of Animals, Inc. It centered on the Great Swamp National Wildlife Refuge in New Jersey, about 30 miles from New York City. The controversy focused on an expanding deer herd which had exceeded its carrying capacity. Part of the herd had wandered off the refuge to browse on ornamental shrubs and vegetables and fruit in truck gardens and orchards. Refuge managers decided to restore the balance between the existing range and deer numbers through a regulated hunt. State and federal officials were to supervise the hunt, a standard management procedure—or so they thought—for remedying the situation. Announcement of the event stirred up a hornet's nest and refuge personnel quickly found out the protesters were engaged in more than just a sniping contest. It seemed to matter little that without the hunt, the deer faced starvation.

With injunctions and environmental impact statements, opponents stalled the hunt until December 1974. Sportsmen who finally got the nod for the hunt had to cross picket lines and were subjected to boos and catcalls.

The Great Swamp controversy seemed to serve as a catalyst for the anti-hunting movement and in some parts of the country, it accelerated alarmingly. This was not the immediate trend for Montana and other sparsely populated states. But we have shaken some of the cobwebs loose and some Montanans—not all—now recognize the movement as a force threatening the future of sport hunting.

Factors nurturing the anti-hunting movement in the 1970s grew from changes in public attitudes. Ecology became a household word and associated concern for environmental problems swept the country. The belief that wildlife was a pure, lovely and beautiful component of the environment became widespread. David R. Klein, leader of the Cooperative Wildlife Research Unit at the University of Alaska, summarized this new "ecoreligion" in an article, "Ethics of Hunting and the Anti-Hunting Movement." In explaining the philosophy behind this new movement, he wrote: "In effect nature is deified as an all-encompassing unifying concept, and man, recognizing his biological origins and his dependence on and relationship to all living systems, achieves humility through perspective of his place in nature. Nature takes on maternal significance, being the source of all life, of all productivity, and of man, and thus man can assume a filial affection toward the totality of nature and a kinship toward other organisms. Such views of nature usually emphasize the uniqueness of life, and the implicit assumption is made that a rationality exists in nature, that nature is purposeful with inherent goals and morality." Bambi-type movies and other so-called "wildlife" productions worked hand-in-hand with this philosophy and attempted to project man's ethical standards onto nature —with the conclusion that it is immoral to hunt.

Other factors tarnishing the image of hunting were the Vietnam conflict and the increased associations of guns with the crime and street violence that swept through many major American cities. Shifting population patterns toward large metropolitan centers also negatively influenced attitudes toward hunting.

Another factor which continues to fuel anti-hunting sentiment is the inability of the public to separate the differences between sport hunting, commercial forms of hunting and historical types of killing such as those which led to the demise of the passenger pigeon and the near extinction of the buffalo and the egret. Critics of hunting seem oblivious to the fact that regulated sport hunting has never caused the loss of a single species or even caused a serious depletion.

The most frightening aspect about the current anti-hunting movement is that many of our hunters still are unaware of it. In a talk presented to a local rod and gun club at its annual banquet this past year, I touched on the subject of the organized effort to ban hunting. Despite my attempt to reach them, I could read the bewildered conflict: "Hey, they can't do that! They can't tell me I can't hunt! Hunting is an American tradition!" I'm not sure it would have done any good to remind them that we once thought nobody could tell us what we could or could not drink. In spite of individual convictions, the 18th Amendment was still passed.

Despite the cries of alarmists and dectractors, the American system of wildlife management and conservation has the best record in the world. Although time and circumstances have dulled some of its accomplishments in the minds of the present generation, we should never lose sight of the achievements of those who struggled shoulder to shoulder to build it, brick by brick. But hunters must realize that times are changing, and that a few cracks are appearing in the foundation.

If one takes time to peruse the history of our hunting heritage, one thing becomes immediately apparent. Huntable land and wildlife have always been the forerunners of the hunter. They served as building blocks for alliances between sportsmen and wildlife professionals. Today, that position has reversed itself and it is now the sportsman who must take the initiative in creating and perpetuating huntable land and wildlife. Whether the hunter likes it or not, the major stockholder in America's wildlife is the nonhunting public.

At the same time, sportsmen must constantly keep in mind that if sport hunting is to remain socially acceptable, they must do everything they can to eliminate the slob hunter and the vandal. To say "there's always that 10% who ruin it for the rest," is a weak and desperate defense. The right to hunt represents an exercise in personal freedom—one that requires constant attention on the hunter's part. Innovative hunter education programs and revitalized hunter safety courses are also needed to ensure the hunter will conduct himself ethically.

We have probably reached that

evolutionary plateau where there will never be mutual understanding between anti-hunting extremists and sportsmen. Yet a meeting of minds between the hunting and nonhunting segments of our society is possible. Both groups have areas of mutual interest to explore. Although wildlife management can never be a popularity contest, sportsmen must initiate meaningful dialogues with representative and reasonable segments of the nonhunting public.

The more I travel and the more people I talk to, the more I am convinced that we are not going to perpetuate our wildlife heritage and preserve wildlife in its maximum abundance and variety unless hunter and nonhunter share the joint responsibility for ensuring wildlife's future. Wildlife administrators must assure the public that not only can wildlife populations sustain hunting pressure, but that hunting does not affect so-called nonconsumptive uses of wildlife. This is the key for patching up the cracks in our foundation and strengthening our structural supports. It is the nonhunters—who make up the majority of our population—who must be convinced that the greatest problem confronting wildlife in America is not that of hunting, but habitat destruction and environmental degradation.

Wildlife managers must also realize that wildlife conservation must expand to include all species of wildlife, not just the favored few. More and more nonhunters are demanding a voice in making decisions about nongame wildlife management. This is evident from the increasing number of citizens' nongame advisory committees springing up all over the country. Nonhunters must also realize that it is unreasonable to expect hunters to support the management of both game and nongame animals. It has to be a team effort. The need for hunter and nonhunter to work together has never been more important, and the opportunity to do so never better.

This past summer I attended a fish fry sponsored annually by a rod and gun club in eastern Montana. The club spiced up the outing with an old-fashioned, two-man log sawing contest. As timer for the event, I had a good opportunity to watch the sawyers. One team had more than its share of frustrations trying to get the right rhythm going. Somebody in the background hooted, "Come on! Get your act together and make the sawdust fly!" That incident is still vividly etched in my mind. Like the mismatched sawyers, hunters are going to have to get their act together and return to hunting those achievements and high standards which have won it respect in the past.■

A Letter From Jean *continued*

refuse to believe that our moral and intellectual faculties make us better; they only make us different. But not wholly different—there is still the biological, primeval nature of man to account for, and it seems to me that the hyper-moralists are unrealistic in denying or ignoring the fact that man is an animal as well as a spirit. It's too easy for us to use our "humanity" as a justification for intellectual tunnel vision. We claim our "rights" and cry out against their violation by insisting: "I am a human being and must not be treated this way!" On the other hand, we rationalize our imperfections by simpering: "But I'm only human." It seems to me that we waste much of our energy attempting to use one-half of our nature to eliminate the other half, attempting to be wholly something which we can only be in part. I cannot believe that the two sides of man's nature are irreconcilable. Rather, they seem complementary, for the animal side allows us to participate in the wonderful rhythms and unconscious stirrings in nature and the rational side provides a form and an understanding which we alone are privileged to possess.

The fact that man, like all other creatures, must kill in order to survive still does not explain hunting as a sport. The desire to hunt grows out of a need which is not physical but rather spiritual. The hunter seeks oneness, wishes to fulfill his role in the natural scheme and to be a part of nature at a level which is more a sharing than a supervision. He wants, part of the time at least, to be a player instead of a referee, wants a kinship with nature on nature's own terms. He wants, simply, to be a natural creature in a natural world.

In hunting, man fulfills the demands of his own nature. It is a restorative act by which he demonstrates his elemental bond with the universe.

And it is prompted by love, love for the game I hunt. I have no wish to destroy it, only a wish to be one with the spirit that moves it. Hunting for me is a world for which there is no substitute, but if game species come in danger of extinction, I will give up hunting forever and with no regrets, for a world without game is far, far worse than a world without hunting. And the kill is a part, but certainly not the only part or even the most important. I do not hunt to kill, but, to quote José Ortega y Gasset: "I kill in order to have hunted."

In hunting, the kill is both a death and a preservation. Not far from where I'm sitting right now, a mounted pheasant stands on a shelf. The taxidermy is excellent, and he looks very much as he did that November morning when he bolted up into the sun out of the burnished gold of a field of grain. He was a young bird and not particularly large as rooster pheasants go, nor did I bring him down with a spectacular shot. In fact, there was really nothing about it that was very much different from the many other pheasants I've shot and the many other fields I've hunted. But, when I picked him up and smoothed down the feathers and watched the sunlight play across all the circus colors that pheasants wear, I knew he was going somewhere besides the table. And he's standing there now, a proud-looking chap, and he always will; he'll never starve to death after an ice storm or freeze in the rolling drifts of a prairie blizzard or simply get old and weak and be eaten by a predator. Whenever I look at him, and I often do, I remember the day and all the others like it, with the fields and the dogs and the good air and the earth, and I'll always be thankful that our lives touched.

Yours,
Michael

A Message To All Concerned For Wildlife

by Tom Mussehl

graphics: Kelly Vollrath

MOST ISSUES in today's complex world tend to be marked by polarization of opinion. Thus, it is not surprising that a rift has developed between hunting factions at one end of the wildlife conservation spectrum and anti-hunting factions at the other. But this is especially unfortunate, because while people with the same *basic* concern—the welfare of wildlife—are squabbling, the *worst* enemy of wildlife—habitat destruction—is proceeding nearly unchecked. In view of the accelerating pressures on wildlife in Montana and elsewhere in the nation, is it not a time for those seriously concerned about wildlife to be *uniting* rather than dividing? How else will wildlife ever receive sufficient political or financial support? The following thoughts are offered for hunters and nonhunters alike —let's find some common ground in the fight *for* wildlife conservation!

If you're a nonhunter . . .

•Be careful about stereotyping hunters. Although they believe in harvesting wildlife, they may have as strong an interest in wildlife as you do. Also, they may be your staunchest allies on many basic issues affecting wildlife.

•Learn as much about fish and wildlife—and their habitat requirements—as you can. The more knowledge you have, the better equipped you will be to judge the importance of local, regional and national issues that affect wildlife, and the more effectively you will be able to make your feelings known.

•If you haven't already sought an exchange of ideas with hunters regarding wildlife issues, why not do so? You may discover you are not as far apart as you thought on many land-use issues that affect wildlife.

•Recognize that modern hunters are not "bloodthirsty killers," nor have they been solely responsible for declining wildlife populations. Some major game species are as abundant or more abundant today than they were 50 years ago—and this has occurred in the face of broad-scale habitat reduction.

•If you don't already belong to an organization doing positive things to maintain wildlife habitat, why not join one? Are you willing to help develop and finance a means of support for nongame wildlife?

•If you tolerate the lawlessness or poor ethics of other recreationists afield, you are denying yourself future opportunities to enjoy the outdoors.

If you're a hunter . . .

•Be careful about stereotyping nonhunters. Although they don't hunt, they may have as strong an interest in wildlife as you do. Also, they may be your staunchest allies on many basic issues affecting the future of wildlife.

•Learn as much about fish and wildlife—and their habitat requirements—as you can. The more knowledge you have, the better equipped you will be to judge the importance of local, regional and national issues that affect wildlife, and the more effectively you will be able to make your feelings known.

•If you haven't already sought an exchange of ideas with nonhunters regarding wildlife issues, why not do so? You may discover that you are not as far apart as you thought on many land-use issues that affect wildlife.

•Recognize that while nearly everyone enjoys wildlife, some nonhunters are neutral toward hunting, some are skeptical and some have strong feelings against it. Take care that your own actions don't contribute to and magnify the negative feelings that some people have about hunters and hunting.

•If you don't already belong to an organization doing positive things to maintain wildlife habitat, why not join one? Wildlife needs your support in ways other than license sales, excise taxes and duck stamps.

•If you tolerate lawlessness or poor ethics of other recreationists afield, you are denying yourself future opportunities to hunt and enjoy the outdoors. ■

About The Authors

"What is a man who in one week can be entranced by a Beethoven symphony, a Manet, a line of poetry, and in the next be equally caught up in following the trail of a wild animal through the snow-filled woods?" The answer: "Behold the Hunter" (page 4). **Nelson Bryant's** perceptive essay concludes that hunting is not an "outworn cruelty" but rather a "manifestation of man's desire to re-establish or maintain a union with the natural world." Bryant was born on Martha's Vineyard, where he has lived much of his life, and wanders woods, fields and streams in his capacity as a columnist for the New York Times.

"Why Does Man Hunt?" One answer, as **Terry N. Lonner** and **Walter J. Lonner** write (page 5), is that hunting is a natural activity because our humanlike prehistoric forebears were probably hunter-gatherers. When a rifle, shotgun or bow is taken and modern man sets out for the prairies or mountains in search of prey, he may be answering a call that comes from deep within. Terry Lonner is a research biologist at the Department of Fish, Wildlife and Parks Research Bureau in Bozeman. Walter Lonner is a professor in the Department of Psychology at Western Washington University, Bellingham. The authors wish to thank Judith Kingsley, a Ph.D. candidate in anthropology at the University of Michigan, for her helpful comments on earlier drafts of their manuscript.

Mike Aderhold admits that those in northeastern Montana might be living in a different world. But, as he writes, "It's a good world—one in which the people, the land and the wildlife are still closely intertwined." The region in which he works comprises nine counties or about 22,000 square miles. Sixty-two communities in his region have post offices and a total population of 68,000 persons—that figures to something like 200 acres for every individual. As he notes, "It's an outdoor life, and hunting is a natural part of it." A natural part of Aderhold's job as the department's information officer for the region is getting information "To the Keepers of the Flame" (page 10).

"Deer Mountain and the Conservation Cause" (page 16) is more than the story of a mountain and what happened when **Jim Posewitz** and his son noted the subdivider's red flags. It's the story of a father teaching his sons to hunt. Of a boy learning the lay of the mountain and the habits of the deer. Of marveling at the mountain's ability to meet the needs of the deer, year after year, and of how right things must be for the deer. Of the customer who buys the subdivider's lot because of the outdoor lure. And of compromising the area's value to wildlife —part of its original attraction—as pick-ups, power lines, septic tanks and too many people enter the scene. Posewitz is the administrator of the department's Ecological Services Division. In 1974, he received the prestigious American Motors Conservation Award.

"A Letter from Jean" (page 18) asks how one can teach children to respect the "natural scheme of things" and how to explain that hunting is done out of love. **Michael McIntosh** readily admits that no writer has completely answered these questions, but what follows is his personal attempt to place man in a larger natural scheme where man is fulfilling the demands of his own nature and hunting becomes an act of restoring his elemental bond with the universe. McIntosh formerly was assistant professor of English at Missouri Western State College in St. Joseph. He is now publications editor for the Missouri Department of Conservation. He recently edited John Madson's "Out Home" and his book, "The Best Shotguns Ever Made in America," is scheduled for publication this spring by the David McKay Co., Inc.

"The Hunter's Role in Conservation" (page 28) has been cheered, booed, applauded, misunderstood and even decried. But its history, as unraveled by **Tom Mussehl**, is fascinating. He points out some often overlooked facts: Wildlife conservation achievements of American hunters have directly benefited nonhunters who also appreciate wildlife. He sees the challenge of the '80s as commitment and unity among *all* who claim to be concerned about wildlife. Mussehl supervises wildlife biologists at the department's Research Bureau in Bozeman. He also compiled some hints for hunter and nonhunter alike, "A Message to All Concerned for Wildlife" (page 39).

Hunting is a total experience interwoven with tradition, ethics and yesterdays. Passing along the knowledge of those things that make hunting special guarantees "Tomorrow's Tradition" (page 34). But as **Ken Walcheck** writes, hunting is besieged and it is the nonhunters—"who make up the majority of our population—who must be convinced that the greatest problem confronting wildlife in America is . . . habitat destruction and environmental degradation." A former biology professor at Northern Montana College in Havre, Walcheck is the department's information officer for the Miles City region.

By existing, every human being—hunter, bird-watcher, photographer or fisherman—consumes or displaces wild things. As **Robert Weeden** writes in "Nonconsumptive Users: A Myth" (page 41), we consume energy in heating our homes—energy from strip-mined land. We wear clothes made from wool (which commits wildlife forage to domestic sheep) or from cotton (which replaces the oak and pine woodlands of the South) or of polyester (which comes from coal or oil). He concludes there are only consumers who care, and those who don't. Weeden teaches wildlife management and a broad array of natural resource courses at the University of Alaska in Fairbanks.

A hunter, a small dog called Kelly and the land against Montana's Crazy Mountains—land big enough for the dog to hunt a lifetime and never meet the same pheasant twice. **Charles F. Waterman's** "Going Up Under the Mountains" (page 42) is such a story, a tale rich with distant pines, streaks of golden wheat, the snowy mountains and the mutual bonds of friendship and respect between man and dog. The author of numerous articles and books on hunting and fishing, Waterman is an outdoor writer who divides his time between Montana and Florida.

Whether **John Madson** is writing of "The High Beyond" (page 20), or composing a tribute such as "To the Mallard" (page 26), or giving us something to think about as we sit around the campfire as in "Something for the Kids," the Madson touch is apparent. As Editor Michael McIntosh notes in his introduction to Madson's book, "Out Home," ". . . there is no voice that tells the hunter's story quite so well as John Madson's. . . . [His prose reflects] the tough, unsentimental love of the outdoors. . . as straightforward as a spring-fed stream. He tells the old stories and makes them new again, the ageless stories of what is funny, sad, and wonderful. . . ." A writer, naturalist and wildlife biologist, Madson is assistant director of conservation for the Winchester-Western Division of Olin Corporation.—*Kay Ellerhoff* ■

Nonconsumptive Users: A Myth

by Robert Weeden

PEOPLE WHO LOVE wild things and green places are immersed in a tremendous, global stuggle to instill ecologic common sense and environmental ethics in the fiber of human thought and action, before it is too late. At a time when we are desperate for the strength of unity, we pick bitter fights with each other over what kind of wild things and what shades of green should get priority.

One of the most widespread, divisive and irrational of these squabbles centers around the notion of consumptive vs. nonconsumptive uses of wildlife. In the popular mind, the test is simple: If you hunt, trap or fish, you are a consumptive user; if you photograph, watch, paint or study wildlife, you are a nonconsumptive user. How a group of people, whose very banner is ecologic sanity, can believe and perpetrate such nonsense is beyond ken.

From the phrasings of their articles, the mood of their films, and the smugness, paternalism or vituperation of their dealings with hunters, it is obvious that many of wildlife's human constituency who do not hunt or fish, have a holier-than-thou attitude toward those who do. "Your hands are bloody; mine are clean. Your heart is crass and vile; mine is pure and Olympian." Can this attitude stand the light of day?

Item: I visited Ano Nuevo Point, north of Santa Cruz, California, in the spring of 1973 to watch the elephant seals. To my family's delight there were not only many of these fantastic creatures on the island refuge a quarter of a mile offshore, but there were a half-dozen loafing on the mainland beach as well. (To understand the full essence of the nonaction verb "to loaf," watch a beached elephant seal!) Looking closer, we saw that several seals had been spray-painted with good old American graffiti. As we watched, a troop of youngsters jumped off the sandy bank onto the broad, blubbery backs of the seals, shouting with glee as the seals jerked their huge bodies ineffectively. Something, I maintained, was being consumed: respect for animals, my enjoyment, and the seal's sleep, at least.

Item: The newest issue of *Audubon* magazine briefly tells of a new problem birds face: birdwatchers armed with tape recorders. Want to add a rare bird to your life list? Get a recording of the bird's territorial call, march out into the springtime and play the tape loudly. An answer comes; you check off another bird on your list. Oops! Better check: It might have been another tape recorder. One pair of rare black hawks was disturbed so often by such nonconsumptive shenanigans that they failed to nest successfully in three consecutive years.

Item: In 1975, scientists in Alaska "collected" over 80 species of birds, fish of over 20 kinds, and 20 kinds of mammals. (Nobody kills wildlife: Hunters "harvest" it and scientists "collect" it.) Among the birds killed were 79 black-footed kittiwakes, 110 tufted puffins, 224 redpolls, 23 savannah sparrows and 32 black-capped chickadees. Fish collections included 179,697 three-spined sticklebacks and 2,988 arctic char. Scientists reported taking and killing 1,046 tundra redbacked voles, 5 wolverines, 34 arctic ground squirrels and 6 arctic fox, among numerous other mammals. All very well-justified collections, I'm sure, and undoubtedly within sustained yield limits. But where is the distinction between scientist and hunter, in terms of consumption? The only difference is that scientists kill animals of more species, and more of them in breeding seasons, than hunters.

Item: Christopher Robin likes sand between his toes, and so do millions of other Englishmen. The international journal *Biological Conservation* reported in 1974 that human use of British beaches had eliminated the Kentish plover as a breeding species on the British Isles. The little tern is suffering the same stresses in Sweden. At Chatham on Cape Cod, Massachusetts, a colony of arctic terns plummeted from 40,000 birds to 24 survivors after intensive disturbances over a decade's time by wildlife photographers and beachgoers.

Item: Nonconsumptive users enjoying national parks and forests all over the world have trampled, eroded, and burned thousands of acres of green places and wildlife habitat.

Item: Elementary and high school classes have all but stripped many California beaches bare of the bigger, easily found and colorful species of tidepool and beach animals.

No fingers are being pointed. My intent, in fact, is to make anyone who has a scornful or accusing finger pointed at anyone else, to realize that we are all consumers of wildlife.

We share the burden and responsibility of being consumers in much more fundamental ways than the leisure-time goofs I sampled just now. Consider, for instance, the consumption involved in hunting moose, versus the consumption involved in eating the same amount of beef. The hunter eats no more meat than the average nonhunter, but he gets it from a different source. Nature produces moose without plowing ground, spreading fertilizers or spraying pesticides. The energy consumed in transporting a moose home is less than the energy cost of shipping a beef from Colorado to Chicago and up to Anchorage. Who is the consumptive user? When you think about it, the conservationists who ate prime rib at last year's Earthcare Conference undoubtedly consumed more quail and quail habitat than if they had each gone out and shot a brace of bobwhites for dinner. And the money spent in hunting would have lobbied for quail habitat preservation, whereas the money paid for prime rib paid "the enemy."

We are all consumers of wildlife. I consume energy in flying to distant meetings and in heating my home, and that energy comes from strip-mined lands or oilfields and pipelines. I wear clothes made from wool (which commits wildlife forage to domestic sheep), cotton (which replaces oak-pine woodlands of the South) or polyester (which comes from coal or oil). In short, every human, by existing, consumes or displaces wild things.

To continue to make false distinctions between consumptive and nonconsumptive users is to play into the hands of those who don't give a damn about wildlife.

There is no such thing as a nonconsumptive user of wildlife. There are only consumers who care, and consumers who don't care. ■

(from "Nonconsumptive Users: A Myth," by Robert Weeden, *Alaska Conservation Review*, Fall 1976, reprinted with permission)

THE PHEASANTS LIVE along the little creeks and in the ragged notches of rimrock above and below the benches where there are miles of wheat stubble in pheasant season. The land goes upward in erratic stairsteps to Montana's Crazy Mountains, and from a great distance there is little sign of the series of gullies, foothills, flats and ranch homes between the main highways and the abrupt piles of the mountains themselves.

From the Yellowstone Valley the scene is compressed as if with a telephoto lens. On a hazy day the various levels are vaguely separated but on bright days the distance shrinks, and it is hard to believe that a man once wrote a book about his life between the highway and the peaks, a busy life in which he lived in several different homes, rode miles of range and had neighbors he seldom saw.

There is more than enough land against the Crazys for a small dog to hunt a lifetime and never meet the same pheasant twice. It really isn't very good pheasant country anyway and old Kelly hunted sharptail grouse, Hungarian partridge and blue grouse there as well.

He hunted there every year of his life, although he lived far away in Florida, and he poked his orange speckled nose into cover from Mexico to northern Alaska while I indulged in the probably childish project of shooting every major upland gamebird of North America over the same Brittany. Kelly must have wondered about that as he plunged off a cliff into an opaque Alaska fog to find a hard-hit ptarmigan, and when he was carried back to the truck in Arizona, helplessly fettered by unfamiliar cholla cactus.

Kelly's furious drive kept me in constant introspection. After several days of hunting was it better to allow a limping, bloody-footed little warrior back into the field or was it better to shut him in the dog box where he wept so that my day was ruined as well as his?

He had already pointed his North American list when Jack Ward and I went up under the mountains late in that pheasant season. It was sunny but there were patches of snow along the willowed creek that bordered the grain.

Kelly loafed in the back of the old Scout until we turned off the asphalt, and then he became a panting sentry, one window to another. He'd sighted a lot of birds from that old truck.

We went up the climbing gravel road that became narrower in a few miles, and we went through the wire gate we'd used for years and across the little creek where there were ruffed grouse sometimes and always darting little brook trout. We parked near the wheatfield and while I dug out the snagged vest and the over-under with the bluing worn I looked up at the Crazys, snowy now that late fall had really come, and looking no nearer than they had when we left the highway miles back.

"We'll work down through these patches of cattails," Jack said, and told of the big ranch dog that had smashed those cattails for him when he was much younger and lived under the mountains.

I released Kelly with the wince I always gave at his reckless, headlong charge for cover, and he went into the strand of cattails in a series of bounces, visible only at the top of the leaps. There were small, irregular patches of ice among the cattails, carrying old snow, and some of them showed pheasant tracks.

Kelly made his living pointing things like quail, Huns and ruffed grouse. Pheasant hunting was his hobby, a pursuit requiring a different approach—part trailing, part pointing, part stealth and even a bit of flushing. About pheasants Kelly had his own procedures, methods he had researched and which were unrelated to the procedures of dog-training manuals. Follow Me!

We killed only two birds that day and I remembered little of the first gleaming cock except that I missed and Jack killed it. It

was only a little later that Kelly was working another bird.

He was out of sight part of the time in the narrow jungle but could be seen in the open spots, with his eyes big and his nose flared, so we knew the bird was running. The brindle detective went through more cattail patches and through the bank of wild rosebushes and between tight clumps of willows. We followed so far that we wondered if there were other birds to confuse the trail and I began to look at the banks of the draw far ahead, for there have been times when worried old roosters have abandoned the tight cover to scurry, head down, up a gully's shoulders to hide in little notches above where the hunter passes.

Then Kelly left the bottom and turned up the steep bank where the browning grass was almost knee deep. Apparently there had been too much for the cattle that year.

I hurried behind and to one side and he gave me conspiratorial glances of approval. He stopped and pointed and when I reached his side he broke and went on at another angle.

Going Up Under The Mountains

by Charles F. Waterman

Finally he held, his head very high but turning slowly, and I stopped beside him, not knowing which direction to take.

Then, from some page of his pheasant notebook, Kelly drew one of his special tricks. He jumped high in the air three times right beside me, and Kelly's last pheasant left from 20 feet away, startled by the orange and white explosion.

I have remembered the bird as it has hung in the air ever since, the mountains in the background, and the gun going up evenly. The bird came down hard, leaving a few feathers where it had been, but in my mind it hangs forever, climbing toward the Crazys with the muzzle coming up behind it. And while it goes I can see Kelly jumping straight up and down beside me, for part of the game is to make running pheasants fly.

It was an hour later that Kelly did not check in on time. I knew he had worked into a widened tangle farther down the little creek, so I went after him, using my whistle, and I saw him coming laboriously and dazed, a front shoulder smashed and the leg dragging. Finally, a reckless battle with some clump of vines or windfalls had been too much.

I carried him to the truck and laid him on the ground to fix a bed for him in the back, and Kelly's old friend Jack stood helplessly and took a long time to unload his gun. When I turned to lift the little dog into the truck he had crawled several feet, his feverish eyes fixed upon a clump of brush a few yards away. A good place for pheasants.

Weakened by his injury, old Kelly died before the next season began and we buried him under a modest sign that lists the birds he pointed. And once I dreamed of his brindle ghost hurrying along a hill in Alaska and through a Florida swamp, and then in brilliant relief across a ridge below the Crazys.

But the last pheasant is always there, hanging in suspended motion, with the benches, the distant pines, the streaks of yellow stubble and the mountains in the background. ■

(from "Going Up Under the Mountains," by Charles F. Waterman, *Gray's Sporting Journal*, September 1978, reprinted with permission)

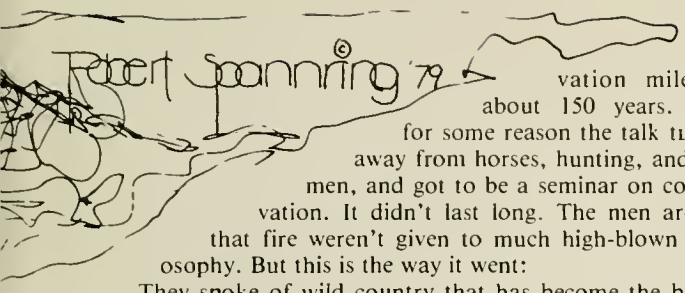
Something For

by John Madson

THIS HAPPENED out there in the high country, which is about the only place it would happen, old field men being what they are. There are things that those jaspers just don't talk about much, partly because they can never say it the way they feel it, and partly because the men they'd say it to already know, anyway. But now and then, out somewhere back of beyond or over in the high lonesome, a seasoned ranger or game warden will start jawing and reveal something of the dreams and hopes that impel him.

Five of us were ending a long day around the evening fire just under timberline. We were on our way out of the summer elk range and were camped on a timbered bench above a creek that flashed with cutthroat trout, a diamond of a place, with the night wind carrying the rumble of sliding talus from the other side of the valley. We had topped out at noon, coming over the divide in a sleet storm and drifting down toward treeline behind a band of elk. We were two days' ride from the nearest fence and now, full of trout and sourdough biscuits, we loafed beside the bull fire and talked it over.

We had been working most of the week in the high elk range—a game warden, a forest ranger, a biologist, a writer, and the supervisor. Total conser-



vation mileage: about 150 years. And for some reason the talk turned away from horses, hunting, and women, and got to be a seminar on conservation. It didn't last long. The men around that fire weren't given to much high-blown philosophy. But this is the way it went:

They spoke of wild country that has become the battleground of the spoilers and savers. The spoilers being self-serving politicians, the dam builders, poachers, certain stockmen and miners and lumbermen, but mostly just people who don't give a damn. The savers were men trying to co-exist with the mountains. Men with one foot in yesterday and the other in tomorrow, standing foursquare for the great places. It was the solemn opinion of this whiskery campfire congress that the savers might not be very smart, and would likely die as broke as the Ten Commandments, but that they'd never feel any shame when they looked back at the country they'd come through.

The Kids

The ranger, a grizzled man grown old in the Forest Service, leaned back against a pannier and spat an amber stream of tobacco juice at a coal beside the fire. He eyed the sizzling result with satisfaction and said: "By God, let's see Smokey the Bear do *that*!" He paused, and went on:

"I've seen some bad fires and some spoilers that were about as bad, and I've fought both. Been roasted by fires and politicians, but I'll probably fight some more before my string runs out. Partly because it's my job, but mostly because these mountains are the only thing I got.

"Sure, I got a place and a good wife, and a pack of grandkids that I think the world of, but all that is part of mind and memory, sort of, and everything but the love I have for them is bound to fade and go. But these mountains are always here.

"First time I rode over that divide where we crossed today, I wasn't old enough to vote. I was full of juice, let me tell you! I could peg an axe ten hours a day and still have enough pepper to go courting or fight rough-and-tumble. I've changed some, since then, but the mountains haven't. Plenty changes farther down, with all the roads and more people all the time. But change comes slower up here.

"I got a grandson who's sixteen years old. That means that I may see the day when my great-grandson comes riding over that same ridge up there, full of pepper just like I was. Think of that! I hope he sees the same things I seen, the same old mountains and snowfields and timber and all, and feels the same things I felt.

"These days I think a lot about all the grandsons, and their kids, and the things they got a right to. And if they never get a chance to see this country the way it ought to be, the way a free-born man or woman's got a right to see it, and if there ain't no more wild divides to top out over, or tall timber to camp by, I reckon it would bust my heart."

The backlog caught, lighting the circle of faces. A freshening breeze came down from the high snow, pressing us closer to the fire, and a horse bell pealed in the pasture below.

Jinglebob, the old game warden, stood and turned his backside to the fire.

Like the ranger, he had grown old in public service. Everything about him bespoke experience and hard wear. His legs, sheathed in shotgun chaps cut from the hide of a record elk, were bowed from forty years of saddle. He was a spare man, narrow-waisted and buttless like many old riders are, and even in his runover boots he stood less than six feet tall.

"Tall timber, tall timber," he said mournfully. "Pete, that's all we hear from you. When you cash in, I reckon we'll just plant you in a reforestation project and mulch you down good and see if you'll grow. You old woodpeckers are all alike.

"But I suppose I know what you mean. Take them elk we seen today. No such thing when I was a kid. This country had been throwed and rolled on. Game was about done for. What little the market hunters, miners, and outlaws had left, the shirt-tail ranchers tried to finish off. But we've worked damn hard, and we've got something again.

"I like to ride the high country as well as the next man. But a mountain ain't much but high rock and snow and calendar pictures if it ain't got something alive on it. Sure, a good mountain has got to have good timber. But the mountain ought to have a few good rams, maybe, and some elk, and a couple of lions and bears to give 'em exercise. And some good high lakes with native trout in 'em, and good cricks down below where a hungry pilgrim can take a mess of fish. Without that, a mountain just ain't alive.

"Lot of times, I've been out on patrol and run plumb out of groceries, maybe, and spent the last few days eating bannock and beavertail. I'd get home tired and sore, with my outfit about wore out and the wife worried and mad, and I'd wonder why in hell I wasn't back on the Dearborn again, raising beef and sleeping in a bed.

"Then next day I'd meet some little kid in town and he'd say: 'Mr. Jo-Bob, what did you see this time? You see any grizzlies or lions up there? You ketch any big fish? Kin you take me along, sometime?'

"And then I'd tell him about some high claw sign on a tree up on the Green Fork, or a bull elk that would go sixteen hands at the withers, or about the awful big trout I'd of landed if I hadn't got careless.

"And in no time at all, there'd be three or four more kids around, listening, and pretty soon a couple of men would drift over, and their eyes would light up just like the kids' would.

"I don't reckon there's such a thing as a *grown* man. Not where wild critters are concerned. When it comes to fish and game, all men are just kids. Well, I never arrest a bad violator without thinking of what he's trying to take away. He's trying to rub the clawmarks off that tree up on Green Fork, or steal a kid's first big trout, or take the last royal bull off the mountain.

"Then what does a man say when he's stopped on the street some day by a kid who asks: 'Mister, did you see my trout? Is there an elk up there for me, when I'm grown enough to hunt?' And the man has to say: 'I'm sorry, boy. There ain't no elk left for you. No trout, either. All used up, and poisoned, and gone.'

"Maybe I ain't much of a warden, but I sure try. And what I try for is this: that fifty or a hundred years from now, some shiny eyed kid can run up to some man and say: 'Mister, what did you see in the high country this time out? Are the big elk still there?' And the man can grin and say: 'They sure are, son —there and waitin' for you!' "

We slept on that and we slept well, as men in the mountains do. In the deep shadows of the valley floor the little cutthroat creek shouted off through the night on its ageless journey to the Missouri. Above and around us stood the eternal, encircling ranges, awaiting the hundred generations. ■

(from "Something for the Kids," in "Out Home," by John Madson, edited by Michael McIntosh, copyright 1979, reprinted with permission of Winchester Press)

The Hunter's Role in Conservation
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